

# LONDON SOCIETY.

MARCH, 1862.

## ZOOLOGICAL STUDIES IN COLD WEATHER.

A January Day at Regent's Park.

HAVING always felt a strong interest in the economy of animated nature, I was recently led by a casual conversation to recall a visit paid to the Zoological Gardens in the coldest part of a winter now long passed away, and to reflect with some regret that the only reminiscences of that visit were a dim recollection of a polar bear paddling in some half-frozen water and a general idea of ubiquitous straw. I therefore determined to watch for the first defined frost, and to renew my winter acquaintance with the gardens as soon as the temperature should be sufficiently severe for the purpose.

To the lover of all animated beings the sight could not fail to be most interesting, considering the different elements involved. Within a comparatively narrow space are assembled a variety of living creatures from all parts of the world, forming a collection at present unrivalled, and bidding fair to increase year by year. From the frozen circle of the pole to the burning belt of the equator come representatives of the fauna of every land, gathered together in the grounds of the Zoological Society like the beasts of old in the ark, though happily with more space to move and enjoying better ventilation. Beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, and even the lowest forms of animal life inhabit these wonderful gardens, which contain very nearly eighteen hundred specimens, to be fed and tended daily, and to be placed as nearly as possible in the same conditions which they would have occupied in their native land.

VOL. I.—NO. II.

Some of these creatures inhabit the lofty mountains, while others pass an almost subterranean life in the plains and valleys; some require a warm and moist atmosphere, while others would die unless they could breathe a cold and dry air; one must live almost wholly in water, while another would be seriously injured even by a momentary immersion therein. Some animals, again, are fierce, savage, and powerful, requiring heavy iron bars and resolute keepers, while others are so soft and gentle in their nature that they require to be tended as carefully and watchfully as infants. Some are sullen and morose, others are affectionate and cheerful; some are shy, others are familiar; and, in short, there is hardly a mental phase that does not find a representative in the creatures forming this collection.

In the matter of food, again, there is as great a diversity as in climate or disposition.

The carnivora, whether furred, feathered, or scaled, of course require animal food, which again is varied to suit the particular species that needs it—the lions and their kin eating flesh meat; the seals and otters needing fish; and the snakes requiring living prey, such as frogs, birds, rabbits, and similar creatures. As to the variety of vegetable food which is needed to meet the wants of the beasts and birds that live on herbs, leaves, and seeds, it is too complicated for any detailed account. Add to all these elements the individual idiosyncracies of many valuable specimens, and some idea may be formed

H

of the labour involved in keeping such an establishment in proper order.

Few persons have the least notion of the intellect, perseverance, and watchfulness that are daily exercised in this place, of the ready invention required to meet sudden and unexpected difficulties, and the resolute courage by which alone they can be overcome. Few of the visitors who stroll leisurely from cage to cage think of the exceeding benefit conferred on science by this collection, and the valuable additions to zoological knowledge that have been made through its means.

Many curious and disputed points in animal physiology have been cleared up which otherwise must have been left to conjecture and theory, and the amount of pains taken about the needful experiments are as surprising as they are generally unknown. In order to ascertain but a single mooted point, a staff of observers has been organized, relieving each other at regular intervals, never quitting their posts for a single instant of day or night, and keeping their ceaseless watch lest at some unguarded moment the golden opportunity might be lost, perhaps never to recur. Any one who wishes to form an idea of the accuracy, perseverance, and watchfulness that are exercised on such occasions need but refer to the celebrated experiments conducted by Professor Owen in order to settle certain difficulties in the development of the kangaroo.

In spite of all the care lavished upon this institution, winter is always an anxious period. Bearing, therefore, all these, and many other considerations in my mind, it was with no small interest that I entered the Zoological Gardens on Old Twelfth Day, Saturday the 18th of January, 1862, the thermometer then indicating a temperature of  $24^{\circ}$  Fahr., and a tolerably sharp breeze blowing.

On casting a comprehensive glance at the various enclosures, the first object that caught my eye was a creature something like a grenadier's cap, or a lady's muff set on end, reared against the bars of the enclosure, and gently swaying its body backwards and forwards. Presently

it began to sidle along the bars, still standing or sitting upright, and being rendered so indefinite in shape by intervening twigs, wires, and posts that I could not make it out at all. However, it soon turned its odd, wise-visaged head, and all the beaver sat confessed. As the beaver is a North American animal, accustomed to brave the terrible winters of that climate, and quite familiar with ice, I should not have troubled myself about it, but for its movements and general demeanour partaking so largely of the absurd, and its perfect contentment amid conditions that would seem the very acme of discomfort to a human being. After watching the inquisitive creature for some time, it was easy to appreciate the veneration in which its intellectual powers are, or were once held by the noble savage of North America, who would naturally reverence an animal that could build a house far superior to his wigwam, and was clever enough to dam up a too-shallow stream and to lay by a store of food for the winter—two branches of social economy that the savage mind would not have conceived and far less executed.

Dripping with water, which froze almost immediately on touching the ground, and had already covered the enclosure with spots and paths of ice, the beaver looked as luxuriously comfortable as a cat on a hearth-rug, and was enjoying himself amazingly. Sometimes he would patter round his pond, his flat tail dragging behind him; then he would make for the water, flounce into the half-frozen liquid with a splash that caused the nerves to shudder in misplaced sympathy, make a great turmoil with paws and tail, and then emerge, walk to the bars with the water dropping from every hair, seat himself on end, holding with his feet to the iron fence, and with a calmly-inquisitive air inspect the carriages passing on the road or the visitors that happened to approach his home.

Good store of tree-trunks and branches have been considerably furnished to him, and the grooves on the wood and the chips which strewn the enclosure are conclusive proofs that the kindness of his attendants

is not wasted, and that his teeth have been rightly exercised.

Near this animal is another of the same species, not so large, and inhabiting quite a little enclosure with a mere trough of water, transformed by the united exertions of the animal and the frost into an unpleasing compound of water, mud, ice, and chips. The animal was mightily hard at work when I came to its cage, carrying a bundle of straw in its mouth for some time, washing it well, and then rearing the bundle carefully against the angle of its den and tucking it down neatly with its paws. I thought it was playing at building a dam.

It was evident that as far as the beaver was concerned there was no cause for anxiety; and I therefore passed on to see how the inhabitants of Southern Africa comported themselves under the present circumstances.

As usual, the hippopotamus was enjoying his bath, rolling about and wallowing in the familiar element in a lazily contented fashion, ever and anon slowly submerging the whole of his unwieldy person below the surface with that remarkable power of adaptability which permits such animals as the hippopotamus and elephant to sink and rise at will, thus making themselves heavier or lighter than an equal bulk of water without needing to expel or inspire air. This is a most interesting performance, especially to a practical swimmer, and is probably achieved by compressing the muscles of the chest so as to reduce the bulk when the creature desires to sink, and allowing itself to expand to its former dimensions when it wants to rise.

The native habits of this great animal are well exhibited by the magnificent male specimen now in the Gardens, and it is curious to see how wonderfully the creature is fitted for an aquatic existence. Heavy, corpulent, and unwieldy as it appears on land, its legs set so widely apart that when it walks in high grass the limbs of each side make a separate path, leaving a ridge of untrodden grass between them, it assumes quite another aspect as soon as it enters the water, and

in the easy playfulness and almost grace of its movements affords as great a contrast to its former clumsiness as does the swan proudly sailing on the lake to the same bird uncouthly waddling on the shore.

As the tank in the enclosure was so thickly covered with ice that the animal might have practised sliding, but would have found swimming next to impossible, the hippopotamus was forced to content himself with the small tank within his house, where the water is kept at a moderate temperature by artificial means, and the atmosphere is such as this delicate though monstrous animal can breathe with safety. The attendants are peculiarly careful of so valuable a creature, and have made arrangements for cleansing its house without sending their charge into the outer air during the operation.

The giraffes are nearly, if not quite, as delicate as the hippopotamus, and are obliged to content themselves with gratifying their very inquisitive natures by inspecting the visitors who occasionally pass through their warm house, and would like to feed the graceful and gentle creatures were not all such attempts sternly prohibited by the watchful guardians. It is rather remarkable that within a yard or two of each other are located specimens of animals which inhabit the same land and yet are as strongly contrasted in shape and habit as if they came from opposite portions of the globe.

The elands are well and comfortable, and appear to be tamer than was the case a few months ago. They are able to withstand the cold better than the hippopotamus and the giraffe, being, indeed, mighty mountain climbers in their native land, and therefore accustomed to a low temperature. I may here mention that the healthy condition of these magnificent antelopes, and the comparative ease with which they are bred in this country, afford most gratifying encouragement to the efforts now being made in many quarters to acclimatize in our own land the useful and ornamental inhabitants of other parts of the world, and show in a striking manner the national value of a collection

upon which so much time is spent and to which such stores of knowledge are cheerfully dedicated.

The acquisition of a single new article of food, whether animal or vegetable, is no slight boon to a country, and it is almost impossible to exaggerate the benefits that will accrue to this land if we can fairly establish this splendid antelope as a denizen of our parks or paddocks. When adult and well fed it is as large as a prize ox; its meat is of a peculiarly delicate and piquant flavour; its fat, a handbreadth thick, is thought to surpass that of venison, while the marrow is of such transcendent merit that a South African hunter can hardly trust himself to think about it. There are, of course, many difficulties in the way, inasmuch as the animal has not yet become civilized, and is apt to display an amount of irascibility that is rather terrifying in an animal that wears horns as sharp and powerful as those of the Andalusian bull; that can leap a fence or chasm from which the boldest hunter would recoil, and can charge down a precipitous hill with the speed and certain foot of the chamois. Still it is evident that in successive generations this evil temper may be eliminated by careful management; and it is to be hoped that before the lapse of many years the eland may be as common in our parks as the fallow deer.

Nor is this the only creature which is being bred at the Zoological Gardens with the intention of acclimatizing it. Among quadrupeds the bison of North America and the kangaroo of Australia are among the number of intended denizens of this country, while among the birds we may notice a great number of species belonging to the poultry and the pigeons, such as the splendid curassows of tropical America, and the large wonga-wonga pigeon of Australia. France and England are uniting in the same great object, by means of their respective Societies of Acclimatization, and should Europe be hereafter enriched with the valuable beasts and birds that are now being gradually accustomed to the conditions of a strange land, it is to be hoped that posterity will not forget

how deep a debt of gratitude they owe to the Zoological Gardens of London.

Desirous of seeing how the cold weather was borne by the ostriches, I went to look at my old friends, whom I found shut up in their houses, but very glad to see me, and as desirous as ever of eating any object they could snap up. The shining top of my pencil-case was a wonderful attraction to these inquisitive and voracious birds, and it was most absurd to see all the heads bobbing up and down, the large brown eyes gleaming with excitement, and the wide mouths opened and shut with impatience just because I was writing with a pencil that had a glittering top.

The temperature was 45° Fahr. in this department, and the ostriches and cassowaries were quite at their ease, as probably was the apteryx; but as the latter bird was hidden, as usual, behind her bundle of straw, and was in all likelihood fast asleep, her exact condition could not be ascertained. There are plenty of odd birds in these Gardens, but the apteryx is without doubt the oddest of all existing feathered bipeds. Wingless, tailless, thick-legged, long-beaked, and brown-coated, she is about as queer a specimen of a bird as can well be imagined; and as a climax to her eccentricities of behaviour persists, though a spinster apteryx living in more than conventional celibacy, in laying enormous eggs, each of which weighs one-fourth as much as the parent bird. Several emus, however, were trotting about in the open air, and were pecking here and there at the grass or poking their long necks over the rails of the enclosure as gaily as in the summer months, though the ground was frozen to a stony hardness, firm ice was at their feet, and the shouts of boys sliding were heard just outside the fence.

There are, of course, far too many beasts and birds in this collection to be separately examined, so I turned my steps towards the tunnel, walking casually through the parrot house, dropping a word or two of recognition to my garrulous acquaintances, and then passing out to pay a visit to the piping crows of Australia, who were chattering away in the



open air, brisk and saucy as ever, and always ready for a conversation. One of them, the white-backed species, was singularly lavish of his conversational powers, and engaged in a contest of strength on the spot. First the bird whistled a few wild notes and then paused, while I did the same. Twisting his head on one side, and looking up knowingly with one eye, he waited for my lead, and imitated my whistle with wonderful fidelity. He got quite excited at last, flew to his perch, thence to the wires on a level with my face, clung firmly with his strong claws, poked his beak through the 'interstices of the intersections,' and fairly screamed with exultation. Meanwhile his companion was making the best of his time by pecking my boots.

Pleasant as this amusement was, the hours were passing and the wind was chilly, so I bade farewell to the piping crow and cruelly left him, in spite of his repeated attempts to recall me by screams and whistles.

Mag, in the next compartment, was cheerful enough, and so were the ravens, with whom I exchanged a friendly croak-in passing, and allowed them their usual bite at my pencil.

The elephant and the rhinoceros have been too long residents to care much for the vicissitudes of an English climate. The former was swinging itself from side to side in his den with that peculiar movement which seems instinctive to the creature, and may possibly answer as a succedaneum for walking exercise. The latter was serenely munching a truss or so of straw, his nose in the air and his lips slapping together with every sidelong movement of his mouth, while from his big lungs issued an occasional grunt of satisfaction, though certainly the substance which he was eating seemed absurdly incapable of affording any nourishment to the system or gratification to the palate. Neither of these animals are allowed to expose themselves to the virulence of so frosty and inclement a day.

The reptile house is always kept at so uniform a temperature that winter's cold or summer's heat makes hardly any perceptible difference. The fine specimen of the North

African monitor was in a state of great excitement, endeavouring apparently to climb up the plate-glass front of his cage, and ever and anon falling back ignominiously, only to resume the attempt with renewed vigour. It was astonishing what a noise the creature made by scratching his claws and rubbing his chin against the glass, and to what unexpected attitudes its lithesome body and slender neck could be writhed. The reptile was shedding its epidermis, which hung in shreds and patches from different parts of the body, showing the bright scales beneath as they were freed from their effete covering. The creature was very persevering in his exercise, continually darting out its long and deeply-cleft tongue, looking, indeed, as if it had been furnished by nature with two slender pointed tongues, and affording an admirable opportunity for studying the arrangement of the beautiful spotted scales on the lower surface of its body.

Its near neighbour, the rock snake, or pythones, as it is just now the fashion to call her, was not visible, being, in fact, 'as well as could be expected under the circumstances,' and lying under her blanket coiled like a shallow cone around her new-born family of eighty or ninety eggs. The chameleons were perched immovably, as usual, on the branches with which the cage is plentifully furnished, and gave no signs of life except occasionally turning one great green-pea of an eye upwards or downwards as the case might be. The African cobra lay flat upon the floor of its cage, but on seeing a human face, surmounted by a hat, coming close to the glass, became rapidly excited, spread its hood, puffed out its body, and raised itself as if threatening an attack. Not wishing to be the cause of a possible injury to a valuable reptile by letting it strike its nose against the glass, as it was evidently preparing to do, I passed on to the bull frogs and so out of the room.

In the next compartment the creatures were all doing well. A single specimen of the flying fox survives, though the keeper expressed himself as rather anxious

concerning its chance of getting through the winter. That singular creature, the gigantic salamander, lay impassive as usual along the bottom of its tank, and though so remarkable an animal, attracts but little notice from visitors. Hundreds pass through the room daily without seeing it at all; and of those who condescend to cast a glance at it, the greater number express themselves sadly disappointed. The general public has heard great tales of salamanders, and through the medium of a weighty culinary instrument bearing the same title has learned to connect the name with fire and glowing metal. Reading the name of gigantic salamander, they enter the room in a rather nervous and uneasy state of mind, expecting to see it nothing less than fourteen or fifteen feet long, and hoping that the bars are strong enough to prevent it from breaking prison. Great, therefore, is their disappointment on being shown a glass tank of water such as they see in any naturalist's window, and are referred to a creature like a big black tadpole which lies grovelling quietly in one corner. Some decline to believe that the animal is the dreadful creature which they had been led to expect, and others openly aver that the whole affair is a delusion and akin to Barnum's mermaid. Yet the beast is a wonderful beast after all, and in the eyes of naturalists is a very gigantic salamander. For, in sooth, the eft, or newt, is a salamander, and an eft of thirty inches in length is gigantic beyond doubt. Besides, it is very rare even in Japan, whence it comes, and its habits and general economy are very remarkable.

Nearly opposite to this salamander is a creature of unpretending form and dimensions, but even more curious in structure and habits than its black, flat-headed neighbour: this is the lepidosiren, or mud-fish of Africa, remarkable for having long been an object of contention among naturalists. Is it a fish or is it one of the frog tribe? No one exactly knows; and to judge from the opposite opinions expressed by the most accomplished naturalists and dissectors, no one is likely to

know. Perhaps it is neither, but represents an intermediate class between the fish and the reptiles, with the heart of the one and the gills of the other. This specimen has lived for about three years in the tank which it now occupies, and has grown, though slightly, in that time; thus affording a singular contrast to the specimen at the Crystal Palace, which attained a length of nearly a yard in the same time, though not nearly so large when first brought to England. But then the Crystal Palace animal got into the large hot-water basin, and there lived a despotic life, feeding *ad libitum* on gold fish until he was captured and his depredations stopped, and on frogs afterwards. Should the reader pay a visit to the Zoological Gardens, as I trust will soon be the case, let him look well at the mud-fish, the Gordian knot of systematic zoology.

On my way to the lions I looked in at the wombat's cage, and there saw to my surprise that the animal, though a native of Australia, was lying curled up in one corner of the enclosure, fast asleep, with the thermometer marking eight degrees below freezing point, and the wind blowing in keen and cutting blasts. The bars of the enclosure being open and of iron afforded no protection whatever, but would rather have the effect of chilling a creature that was pressed against them. The seals were naturally indifferent to the cold, and darted about in the water, or flounced their way over the rim of their bath, as if enjoying the icy coldness of their home. They ran some very good races after fish, driving up the water before them like the bows of two fast steam-boats, and had quite a struggle for the last fish. The otter, too, cared nothing about the temperature of the water, but sat on a heap of wet straw, eating his dinner, with the end of his tail in the water, and the freezing drops glittering around him. To the shivering observer, whose chilled fingers could scarcely hold the pencil, and whose heart yearned for a seat in a warm room and a large cup of hot tea, the choice of locality seemed singularly unfortunate. There, how-

ever, sat the animal, thoroughly contented with his position, holding his flounder tightly between his paws, and crunching and tugging with hearty good will.

The lions, tigers, and the other large carnivora, are carefully defended from the outer cold by means of thick screens rigged from the eaves of the projecting roofs to the bars beyond which visitors are requested not to pass. As, however, the greater number of visitors would be sadly disappointed if they had to go away without seeing these beautiful animals, they are admitted for the nonce into the space between the bars and the cages; and in order to prevent the fierce beasts from thrusting forth a paw and inflicting a wound in sport or anger, a strong wire grating is affixed to the front of the cage, which effectually prevents any such mishap. Notwithstanding all these precautions, and an assured conviction of the absolute security attained, I could not help instinctively starting back when the lion took it into his illogical head that I was going to steal his meat, and flew at me with flaming eyes and a roar that shook the place. I had much respect afterwards for the steady nerve of those who can endure such a charge with a firm hand and unwinking eye, and very much less contempt for the native attendants who in such cases always throw away their guns and run for their lives. The whole of these dens are kept at a comfortable temperature by hot pipes, and the animals seemed as contented as in the summer-time.

Two lions, however, in neighbouring cages became angry with each other, or perhaps jealous; and putting their mouths to the floor just by the wooden partition, began to roar against each other to the utmost of their power. It was a grand exhibition, and would alone have been worth the trouble of the visit. The threatening sounds seemed to reverberate through every nerve, the whole building trembled as if shaken by rolling thunders, and the rest of the beasts sank into respectful silence while the kings of the forest lifted their mighty voices. No wonder that at the sound of the

lion's roar the beasts of burden break their halters and flee in terror over the plain; but it is a wonder that the ostrich, the meekest-looking of birds, should roar so exactly like the lion that even the native hunter cannot always distinguish the one from the other.

As if intended to produce a striking contrast to the lions, tigers, and leopards existing in a temporary hothouse, and sheltered from the chilling blasts by a screen erected expressly for the purpose, the polar bears live within ten yards of these heated localities, rejoicing in the cold, and probably thinking of the ice-fields and freezing waters of their proper home. This is one of the few northern animals whose fur retains its white hue throughout its life, experiencing no change in winter or summer. The coat of the ermine and the arctic fox alters from its dark summer tints to its snowy winter's hue; not, I imagine, to aid in concealment by assimilating the colour of the animal with that of the ground, but because the pure white hue is endowed with some wondrous power of resisting the effects of cold.

I wonder whether polar bears when wild are in the habit of taking exercise in the remarkable fashion in which these specimens indulge? Do they always walk forward for six paces and retire backwards over precisely the same ground, with as much accuracy as if they had been volunteer riflemen practising the back-step? It can hardly be too troublesome for them to turn round, and they have ample room for the purpose, being able if they choose to indulge in quite a promenade, unrestricted by the narrow limits in which those unfortunate lions and tigers are confined.

I pity those active and restless creatures with all my heart. I wish they had more appropriate residences, and am sure that if they were only permitted to exercise their limbs, as intended by their Maker, they would be healthier, live longer, and display their wonderful powers in a more perfect manner. There are, of course, some difficulties attendant upon the construction of an enclosure sufficiently large to give

ample room to the agile limbs of the feline race, sufficiently strong to withstand the fiercest assault of the lion, and properly roofed so as to counteract the danger of a leopard or jaguar climbing over its walls. I cannot but think, however, that it would be quite practicable to construct an enclosure that would comply with all these requisitions, and at no very extravagant outlay of space or money. The enclosure might be common to all the feline race, and each species might be allowed to exercise in it in regular rotation. There would be no difficulty in decoying them back to their dens, as a piece of meat would effectually accomplish that design and allow of the door of communication being closed while the animals were engaged upon their food.

The interior of the enclosure should be furnished with artificial rockwork and trees, and I have often pictured to myself the magnificent sight of a pair of lions or tigers careering round their pleasure-ground, exulting in their strength, or a company of leopards disporting among the branches and displaying their lithe forms in all their spotted beauty. Look, for example, at the monkeys, and think how much we should have lost by cooping them up in little boxes, where they could hardly move, instead of giving them spacious apartments fitted with ropes, bars, and boughs, so as to enable them to display their marvellous agility to our wondering eyes. Sure am I that a lion, tiger, or leopard, when permitted to range freely over an ample space, would present as great a contrast to the same creature uneasily deambulating its narrow den, with its head close to the bars, and its paws slipping over the smooth wet boards, as does a monkey in a box to the same animal in a spacious apartment, or a caged squirrel to scraggy in his native woods.

Both species of camel—the dromedary and the double-humped camel of Bactria—were quite at their ease about the weather. The former animal was standing partially in its shed, with its long neck and meek-looking head peering out at the landscape; while the latter was

quietly walking about its enclosure, though the ground must have been very uncomfortable to its feet, and the water in its trough had been frozen so hard that the attendant had been obliged to break the ice in order to allow the animal to drink.

The coypu rat seemed rather unwilling to face the cold, though attracted by a large carrot that the keeper had placed within its den. This odd, blunt-nosed, orange-toothed quadruped only emerged at intervals, ate a piece of carrot, and then returned to its warm home. I remarked that the mice are very fond of the coypu's house, and run in and out of the straw with amusing impudence. The creature evidently dislikes the ice, trying in vain to get its usual bath, and feeling sadly disappointed at finding itself arrested by the icy covering of its little pool. The reader is hereby advised to pull up a little tuft of grass by the roots and place it in the coypu's cage, for he cannot fail to be amused by the clever and systematic manner in which the ingenious and cleanly animal picks up the grass, takes it to the water, and washes it carefully before it will condescend to nibble a single blade.

The honey-ratel, with his dark waistcoat and gray coat, was in great force, running about his cage in quite an excited fashion, and even climbing up the wires as if to survey the prospect. In the summer-time of the year this animal has a habit of running continually about its den in an oval-shaped course, which is marked by the continual tread of the feet like the sawdust in a circus. The oddest part of the performance is, that whenever it reaches either extremity of its course it puts its head to the ground, turns a somersault, and recommences its race. The fine specimen of that very fierce animal, called from its evil temper the Tasmanian devil, was occasionally to be seen in the open air, but it preferred the warm retreat of its straw-sheltered shed.

The winter aviary, which is ingeniously constructed so as to admit of glazed casements in addition to the wires, is employed as the home of several valuable and delicately-constituted animals. In the central

compartment is a remarkably fine specimen of that curious animal, called popularly the Tasmanian wolf, but which really is not a wolf at all, but one of the marsupial tribe, related to the opossum and their kin. The beautiful *carianas* thrive well; and as they sat on their perch with bent knees, and head sunk so deeply upon the breast that the curious feathery crest that decorates the head was scarcely perceptible, they could hardly be recognized as the same birds which stalk about their cage with long and haughty strides, erect gait, and bold, intelligent gaze. Perhaps, however, the most curious inhabitants of this aviary are the crested eagles, fine, handsome birds, notable for an erect tuft or plume of black feathers upon their heads, not unlike the ostrich plumes of a lady's court dress.

The last animals visited were our volatile friends the monkeys, who seemed none the worse for the comparatively close quarters to which they are confined in severe weather. The house is rather dark just now, because the windows are thickly banked up with straw, a precaution necessary lest the monkeys should be chilled by coming in contact with the cold glass. The temperature of the room is very comfortable, but not unpleasantly warm, and is maintained by a partly open stove, or fireplace, in the centre. I was sorry to miss my dear old friend, Sally the spider-monkey, whose gentle manners and wonderful length of limb I have often admired. Agile as are all the monkey tribe, Sally was certainly the most active I have yet seen in this country, and her performances on the rope would have put the combined efforts of a dozen *Leotards* or *Blondins* to shame. I shall never forget her happiness when dancing and swinging about on a clothes-line in a garden near Reading, the curious air with which she contemplated the surrounding objects, and the look of piteous entreaty with which she deprecated the order to leave her rope and return to her seat on the back of a chair near the kitchen fire.

The funny little Capucin monkey was as amusing as ever with his nuts and pebble, using the latter in

the light of a hammer and smashing the nutshells with wonderful certainty. The odd little creature has a perfect passion for hammering, and had battered the woodwork of his cage so severely that the keeper was forced to take away the stone, and now lends it only when it is wanted. Even the hard, angular shell of the Brazil nut is broken by this clever little animal, and the keeper told me that he—the monkey, to wit—could hardly have a greater treat than to be given a hammer and a board with a nail partly driven, so that he might take the hammer and finish driving the nail.

The great anubis baboon sat sulky and impassive on his perch, his chin sunk on his breast, his limbs gathered up into marvellously small compass, and his toes holding tightly to the bars. Offerings of nuts and other dainties failed to propitiate his frigid dignity; and it was not until the keeper spoke to him that he would condescend to notice the gifts that were freely proffered. Even after taking the nuts and pieces of cake, he just put them in his mouth, ascended again to his perch, and resumed his former misanthropical attitude. Large store of straw is placed in his cage, and when evening approaches he retires to the farthest corner of the cage, creeps into the heap of straw, and with hands and feet disposes it around him in such a manner that not a vestige of his person can be seen.

In the large cage, where a number of the smaller monkeys are congregated, the ruling power of the establishment was evidently the huge white-and-black cat, who lay calmly dozing among all the restless *quadrumana*, supremely indifferent to their noisy gambols. Even when a graceless monkey leaped on her back from a perch, and was straightway assaulted by one of his companions, the cat did not even open her eyes, but lay purring, with her paws tucked comfortably under her chin in utter unconcern. Pussy has been used to monkeys for so long a time that she is quite uncomfortable out of their presence, and cannot endure being placed in the open air. The keeper fetched her out of the cage to enable

us to judge of her weight, which is really wonderful for a cat of the gentler sex, and hardly was she fairly on the ground and the door of the cage opened than she leaped through the aperture and resumed her former position.

No sooner did the shades of evening become perceptible than the monkeys made arrangements for the night, ceasing from their sports, and even allowing the armadillo to run about the cage according to its pleasure, without jumping on its back for a ride, or trying to pull it over as it trotted past them. They congregate together in compact bodies, presenting a most absurd effect of parti-coloured fur, intertwined limbs, and long, dangling tails, and were continually struggling for the best and warmest spot, which was, of course, the centre of the group. One individual was totally excluded, but he took the matter in a philosophical light, going carefully over the cage and picking up all the little bits of biscuit and stray nuts which his companions had relinquished when battling for a place on the perch.

Throughout the whole of the visit, it was pleasant to note the demeanour of the attendants, upon whose sympathetic kindness depends so much of the comfort and happiness of the animals under their charge, and the manner in which they accommodate themselves to the individual idiosyncracies of their charges. Should the animal happen to be docile and intelligent, no one is more proud than the keeper, and no visitor can be more interested in seeing the clever performances of any creature than is the keeper in exhibiting them. It was pleasant, for example, to see the two splendid chetahs' behaviour towards their attendant, and ludicrous enough to watch him coolly sweep either individual out of his way with the broom if they happened to interfere with his movements while cleaning their cage. If they had been a pair of three-months' old kittens there could not have been more confidence on the one side or playfulness on the other. As the keeper left the cage, the gentle and beautiful creatures pressed after him, but were gently put back with one hand while

he took down some meat with the other. Even under such exciting circumstances, with their dinners in their sight, they displayed none of the fierce eagerness so common among the feline race when they see or smell their food, and they took the meat with even less haste than my own pet cat exhibits when the food is to his taste and he happens to feel hungry.

Should, however, the animal be of a vicious and impracticable disposition, the keeper only seems to be amused at the various exhibitions of cross-grained temper, and laughs good-humouredly at every savage growl or attempted assault.

Perhaps the reader may have remarked, in the course of this slight sketch of a very wide subject, the apparent absence of all rule regarding the capability of any animal to resist the effects of cold weather and a strange climate. It is easy enough to understand that the beaver and the polar bear could be quite happy on a frosty day, and that the lions, tigers, and leopards would need protection against the chilling atmosphere. But it was hardly to be expected that the camel, which is essentially the 'ship of the desert,' made to endure long thirst, and to pace for weeks over the burning sands, should walk about quite at its ease upon frozen soil, and drink from a trough in which the ice was thickly gathered. This phenomenon will perhaps give some idea of the difficulties attendant upon acclimatizing the denizen of a strange soil, inasmuch as it is quite impossible to treat one animal on a system derived from the management of another species from the same country and with similar habits. Each new species must be learned by means of repeated and cautious experiments, and to the minds of thoughtful lovers of nature and observers of animal life this very want of uniformity affords a better hope of ultimate success than if it were possible to reduce the management of foreign animals to a rigid system, and treat all creatures of kindred forms and similar countries on the same stereotyped principle.

J. G. W.





March.

The Spring  
Fashions.

DRAWN BY FLORENCE CLAXTON.



## THE TWO FAIR HERMITS.

## A Valentine Story.

THERE is one day in the year on which the postman's knock seems to herald none but pleasant tidings—at least to all the younger and fairer portion of the community; a day on which its sound sends a flutter of anticipation from the drawing-room into the very kitchen—and that day is St. Valentine's morn. It is true that in the upper strata of society Betty gets more valentines than her young mistress, and that valentines would be deemed vulgar in Belgravia or Mayfair; still, writing valentines is a time-honoured custom that *will* not be rooted out by modern over-refinement, and in the middle classes, at all events, there still exist timid lovers who pen valentines, and romantic young ladies who receive them, read them, and are pleased with them too, in spite of the frowns of fashion. Be not shocked, therefore, gentle reader, that a missive of this kind should just have been handed by a simpering maid to Miss Anna Matilda Audley, as she sat in her little boudoir, in her uncle's handsome house at Bayswater.

Martha guessed it was a valentine, as she had just received one from her sweetheart, the policeman; and she lingered in the room under pretence of making up the fire, to see whether the effect on her young mistress would be as pleasing as Tom's epistle had proved to herself. But she was doomed to be disappointed; for the young lady, determined on not displaying the least eagerness to open the letter in presence of her maid, waited with an air of the most sublime indifference, until Martha, having no excuse to remain, was reluctantly obliged to quit the room.

Anna Matilda then tore the letter open with undisguised impatience. The haughty bearing that suited her regal style of beauty so well, gave way for the moment to a girlish curiosity that made her look more fascinating still. The address was in an unknown hand, but on unfolding the letter, she started,

flushed, and felt a thrill of gratified pride such as she had never before experienced. The letter, though unsigned, was from Harry Clifford, that was obvious, yet hitherto Harry had been supposed to be paying his attentions to her intimate friend Georgiana Fletcher. Had he pledged his troth unthinkingly, and then repented when he beheld Anna Matilda's superior charms? (for that her beauty was superior to her friend's she never for an instant doubted), and had he taken this mode of conveying to her what his real sentiments might be, though honour might forbid his declaring himself more explicitly?

Anna Matilda's heart beat quicker than ever it had done at all the knee-worship and passionate protestations of Frank Blythwood. She cherished a secret admiration for Harry's manly beauty, and had felt piqued that the only being she thought worthy of her should remain insensible to her attractions. Now, after all, it was plain his heart was touched, though prudential reasons relative to 'being off with the old love,' as the song inculcates, induced him to beseech his fair one, in case she took pity on him, to signify as much by wearing a red rose in her hair the next time they were to meet at a party—which mysterious telegraphic sign would have no meaning for the uninitiated. She was still holding the valentine in her hand, and perusing it for the twentieth time, when the door opened, and Georgiana entered, saying: 'I would not let your maid announce me, as I knew you would be at home for me; so I ran upstairs, for I have something particular to say to you.'

Georgiana Fletcher was one of those charming, plump little creatures that everybody must love. But so absorbed was Miss Audley by her thoughts, that it was not till Georgiana exclaimed in a merry voice: 'So you have had a valentine, too, Matty!' that the latter awoke her from her reverie.

'I don't know whether I ought to show it to *you*,' said she.

'Oh, do!' said Georgiana; 'I'm so fond of valentines!'

With a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders, as if the fault were none of hers, Anna Matilda proceeded to do what she most longed for, and held out the letter for Georgiana's inspection.

Georgiana looked, started, and then burst into tears, till suddenly checking herself, she exclaimed: 'It cannot be!'

'What cannot be, Georgy?' asked Anna Matilda.

'It's only a joke; I'm sure it is,' said Georgiana.

'A joke, Miss Fletcher?' said Anna Matilda, assuming an air of frigid dignity; 'do you think Mr. Clifford would dare to joke on such a subject?'

'But,' sobbed poor Georgiana, 'Harry Clifford loved me—at least he gave me to understand he did; he always danced with me, and turned over the leaves when I sang; and can he be so wicked now—'

'My dear,' interrupted Miss Audley, 'if after dancing with a young lady and turning over the leaves of her music-book, a gentleman sees another woman whom he prefers, what is he to do?'

'Do?' exclaimed Georgiana; 'he has no business to prefer another, after—after—'

'Dancing and turning leaves,' said Miss Audley. 'Well! I think in such a case he is much to be pitied, and that the young lady ought not—'

Here she paused. Georgiana left off crying for a moment, and looked up expectantly, when, finding her friend did not proceed, she exclaimed eagerly, 'ought not to do what?'

'To endeavour to retain a heart no longer hers,' said Miss Audley, authoritatively.

Georgiana sank back in her chair, and indulged in another long fit of weeping. Miss Audley waited patiently till the storm was over, knowing from experience that her gentle friend's blue eyes were frequently lit up by a ray of sunshine after an April shower, until, finding that this time such a result seemed

less likely to follow, she said, in a conciliatory voice: 'What was it you had to say to me, Georgy?'

'Oh, I had forgotten!' replied Georgiana; 'I wanted to show you a valentine I received this morning—I cannot imagine from whom.'

She then drew forth her valentine, and observing they were such beautiful verses, read the following lines—

**Go, Valentine, and tell my Story.**

'Go, Valentine, and tell that lovely maid,  
Whom fancy still will portray to my sight,  
How here I linger in this sullen shade,  
This dreary gloom of dull monastic night;  
Say, that from ev'ry joy of life remote,  
At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,  
List'ning in solitude the ring-dove's note  
Who pours like me her solitary song.  
Say, that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh,  
Say, that of all her charms I love to speak,  
In fancy feel the magic of her eye,  
In fancy view the smile illumine her cheek,  
Court the lone hour when silence stills the grove,  
And heave the sigh of memory and of love.'

'Are they not pretty?' added she, as she concluded.

'Very,' said Anna Matilda, disdainfully; 'but they have not cost your unknown admirer much trouble, for they are Southey's lines.'

'They may be flattering for all that,' said poor Georgiana, whom Harry's desertion had rendered all the more sensible to a compliment; 'and see what a nice hand they are written in!'

Anna Matilda took the proffered letter, but had no sooner cast her eyes upon it, than she turned pale, and appeared violently agitated.

'What is the matter?' asked Georgiana.

'Matter!' exclaimed Miss Audley, whose dilated nostrils breathed utterable indignation, while her fingers unconsciously crumpled the luckless valentine. 'Frank Blythwood is false—that's all.'

'You don't mean to say this is Frank Blythwood's handwriting, do you?' asked the bewildered Georgiana.

'I should have thought you knew his hand,' said Miss Audley, sarcastically, 'since he writes so very tenderly to you.'

'Oh, Matilda!' cried Georgiana, reproachfully.

'I can't wish you joy of an admirer who, but the day before yesterday, presented me with that nose-gay of forget-me-nots,' said Anna Matilda, rising, and snatching the luckless flowers from the vase in which they were placed.

'But I thought you did not care for Frank Blythwood?' said simple Georgiana.

'Whether I cared for him or not, that does not make his conduct less base,' said Miss Audley.

'Not baser than Harry's,' said Georgiana; 'and you said *he* was to be pitied if he had changed his affections; so why is not Frank Blythwood to be pitied?'

Miss Audley could not say why, but somehow what she thought quite natural on Harry Clifford's part, seemed a heinous sin when committed against herself, and by Frank Blythwood too. She therefore wisely held her tongue, but her fingers were busily employed picking the flowers to pieces.

Meantime, Georgiana was as intently occupied twisting her embroidered handkerchief into all manner of shapes, till at length she broke the silence by a deep-drawn sigh, and uttered this oft-repeated truism: 'I'm afraid men are sad deceivers!'

'Men are all wretches, my dear!' said Miss Audley, with flashing eyes. For her thoughts had not been idle during the lull in their conversation, and her anger at Frank Blythwood had been gradually rising to boiling point, and was about to overflow like a lava stream overwhelming all it met on its way. Strange to say, the defection of the admirer she did not love in return, inflicted a wound on her pride which not even Harry Clifford's unhopèd-for homage could assuage. Besides, might it not be some scheme concocted between them to back out of what they perhaps considered as mere flirtations? and might not the two unsigned valentines be nothing but a skilful manœuvre in the warfare of love, calculated but to create a diversion, under cover of which they would both desert their colours? 'And if you felt as I do, Georgy,' resumed Anna Matilda, 'I know what we might do.'

'What?' asked Georgiana, eagerly.

'Only you would never have the resolution to adopt such a plan, still less to persevere in carrying it out,' observed Miss Audley. 'You would melt like wax at the first word or look Harry Clifford deigned to bestow on you.'

'I don't think I should,' said Georgiana, 'for I'm very angry with him; and with Frank Blythwood too, for his behaviour to you. But what plan do you mean?'

'I mean that, instead of trusting to the shallow professions of lovers, we should live for ourselves alone—live for friendship instead of love. You have heard of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who lived in a cottage by themselves? Well, let's imitate them, and make ourselves independent of everybody.'

'That would be delightful!' cried Georgiana, who was always led away by anything her more enterprising friend proposed. 'But how can we manage it?'

It was easy enough for Miss Audley to follow all her whims, for not only had she an independent income, but she was of age; and though she had lived under her uncle's roof ever since she became an orphan in early infancy, his guardianship had ceased for the last three years, and she was at perfect liberty to go wherever she pleased. She possessed a pretty cottage in Monmouthshire, close to her uncle's estate, which she thought might serve them as a refuge. But how was Georgiana, who was only nineteen, to claim a similar privilege? True, she was in possession of a small legacy bequeathed her by her mother; but would her father allow her to enter into any such romantic scheme?

Miss Audley had an answer ready for every objection. She assured her friend that her stepmother, having two daughters of her own, of the respective ages of seventeen and sixteen, would be too glad of the removal of a pretty face just at the season when her eldest was to come out, not to prove her best advocate in overruling whatever objections Mr. Fletcher might entertain to the proposed plan. Still, Georgiana de-

clared she had not the courage to broach the subject to her family.

The imperious Anna Matilda smiled with conscious superiority as she assured her friend she would settle that matter. All that she required of Georgiana was to adhere to her resolution, and not to see Harry Clifford before they left town.

'How soon shall we leave?' asked Georgiana, half mistrustful of herself.

'As soon as we can pack up our things,' said Anna Matilda.

'But,' hesitated Georgiana, 'have you not forgotten that we were to go to a ball on the twenty-eighth?'

'I have not forgotten it,' said Miss Audley, 'any more than I have forgotten that we were to meet Frank and Harry that evening. Are you weak-minded enough to wish to see Mr. Clifford after the insult he has offered you, to try and make it up with him?'

'Oh, no—no—no!' cried Georgiana, who dreaded being thought weak-minded, just because she was of a very yielding disposition. 'I have done with Harry, and as to Frank, I despise him for his conduct to you.'

'That's right, and nobly spoken,' said Anna Matilda, embracing her friend. 'And now I'll put on my bonnet, and go home with you, and speak to your stepmother.'

Miss Audley knew she would not find Mr. Fletcher at that time of day, as his mercantile affairs took him daily to the City, and she thought it a good stroke of diplomacy to prime his better half in the mean time, so that the worthy man should find himself unable to resist the volley of arguments that were to be poured forth by his three assailants. But it turned out that, like many other schemers, she wasted a deal of manœuvring where none was required. Mr. Fletcher, being a man of sense, was well aware that it is by thwarting a project that you give it importance—and that if parents did but understand to what an extent an immediate acquiescence cools down the most enthusiastic aspirations of all sorts, many a trip to Grotna Green, many a foolish match, might have been prevented,

by the lovers quarrelling, so soon as they had permission granted to bill and coo at their ease. By the same reason he argued that when two young ladies are determined to spite the world by withdrawing themselves from its admiration, the best thing is to open wide the doors, and say 'Go'—opposition only acting as so much fuel, which tends to keep up a fire that would otherwise burn itself out in a few weeks.

He therefore gave Georgiana full leave to act as she pleased, on one condition, namely, that she was not to enter into any promise until she was of age, and then not without giving him warning.

'For you must be aware, Georgy,' said he, 'that if you prefer perpetual seclusion and celibacy, to living in the world, the sum I have set apart for your marriage portion will go to increase your sisters' portions—for I do not suppose Fanny or Isabella will have any such inclination.'

'Oh, no, papa!' cried sixteen-year-old Isabella—'I mean to go to balls and pic-nics, and to marry.'

'You talk like a child,' said Georgiana.

'It shall go to parties, and it shall have a husband; but all in good time,' said the father, stroking his youngest daughter's hair—adding, 'You little rogue! it is not you who will save me white kid shoes without end, and dozens of Houbigant's gloves, as your thrifty elder sister is about to do!'

No sooner had the point been thus settled, than Georgiana despatched the page with a pink-coloured note, to inform her friend she had been successful; and Miss Audley replied by a yellow-tinted note, requesting her to pack up immediately, and be ready to start on the following day.

Georgiana would have found it more difficult than she had anticipated, to take leave of her sisters, when the parting hour had come, had not the presence of her friend, before whom she would have been ashamed to appear to waver, and the recollection of Harry Clifford's perfidy, nerved her to the task. Still she felt singularly relieved when it was over, and they were seated in the railway



carriage, and whirled away by an express train.

The young ladies were accompanied by Miss Audley's maid, and on reaching the cottage, they found everything put in order for their reception by the housekeeper who always inhabited it, and who had been apprised of her young mistress's intended arrival, by a telegraphic despatch.

The cottage was simply but elegantly fitted up, and most charmingly situated on the banks of the Wye, with a background of wooded hills. It is true that at that season the trees were little better than dried sticks; but it was easy for the imagination to clothe them with verdure, to realize how lovely they would appear in spring. Georgiana was quite in raptures at her friend's retreat. Hitherto she only knew the 'country' in fashionable watering places, where a tree is a rarity—and the genuine rusticity of the scene was a delightful novelty to her.

'We shall be very happy here,' observed Anna Matilda.

'I am sure we shall,' echoed Georgiana, speaking in her usual cheerful tone, for the first time since St. Valentine's morning.

'We'll forget there are any Franks or Harrys in the world,' said Anna Matilda. 'Suppose we were to impose a forfeit on whichever of us shall mention their names?'

'You would lose too many forfeits, Till,' said Georgiana, with unsuspecting raillery, 'for you name them twice or three times to my once.'

Anna Matilda coloured slightly, as she observed—'Perhaps it is better to go on talking about them for a while, than we may the sooner get tired of the subject.'

This motion was carried without dissent. But in order to provide against any possible relenting on the part of the 'weaker vessel,' as Miss Audley deemed her friend to be, she insisted they should decline receiving any letters from town, with the single exception of those coming from their respective families. Word was therefore written that same evening to London, that all letters addressed to them, were to be kept

for a year, before being sent to Monmouthshire.

'For at the end of that time,' observed Miss Audley, 'we shall have become so utterly indifferent to our renegade lovers, that even the most passionate letters, if they wrote any such, would fail to cause the slightest emotion.'

In addition to this injunction, the fair recluses entreated to have the secrecy of their retreat kept inviolate, lest any importunate persons should invade their cherished solitude.

'This is just one of Matilda's absurd, romantic plans,' said her uncle, as he flung aside her letter, with an impatient 'Pshaw!'

'There is some love affair under all this,' observed Mrs. Fletcher, with womanly clear-sightedness.

Having now settled that they would henceforth live 'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,' the two fair hermits proceeded to unpack their things, and render their abode as pleasant as need be. The cottage already contained a piano, and a library well stocked with novels; and Miss Audley had brought with her a whole arsenal of implements for drawing, painting, potichomanie, and Berlin wool work, besides the numerous appliances for manufacturing all kinds of useless articles, coming under the denomination of fancy work.

The putting everything in order filled up several days very pleasantly; and though the ground was too wet to allow of their taking a walk, Georgiana could not cease admiring the pretty view to be seen from every window in the house.

'Whatever can Miss Audley have brought so many things for?' asked the housekeeper of Martha. For generally, in her flying visits to the cottage, her young mistress's whole luggage consisted of one portmanteau.

Martha could not tell; but it set her a-wondering, and she determined to try and solve the puzzle. Accordingly she took a favourable opportunity of asking Miss Audley, whether she was to re-trim one of her dresses for the ball on the 28th, or whether she had given her orders

to Madame Marnabout, previous to leaving town? Miss Audley merely shook her head by way of denial, leaving Martha as wise as before. After the lapse of several days, Martha renewed the attack, by inquiring when she was to pack up to return to town, hinting that it were well the young ladies should reach London in time to rest from the fatigue of the journey, before the day appointed for the ball. 'We're not going to return to town,' said Miss Audley, curtly.

'Not going to—' began Martha, when she was suddenly checked by a frown from her imperious mistress.

Martha left the room much discomfited, while the young ladies enjoyed a good laugh at her expense.

'Poor Martha has no taste for the picturesque,' said Miss Audley; 'London servants always abhor the country.'

A few fine days succeeded, which enabled the two recluses to walk out, and Anna Matilda showed her friend the garden and the beehives, and expatiated on the future delights of spring and summer, till Georgiana grew as enthusiastic as herself, for the moment. But it happened on the 28th, that there was a heavy fall of rain in the morning, and that the sky was gloomy and overcast all day long. Poor Georgiana's spirits fell to freezing point. Everything seemed to go wrong—the third volume of a novel of 'thrilling' interest was not to be found, and the little dog threw down the glass vase she had half converted into porcelain by the process of potichomanie, and there her work lay in shivers on the floor. To complete the list of petty annoyances, Martha came to inform her mistress that although she was of course 'much attached to her, and all that,' still the short and the long of it was, that she had no intention to bury herself in the country, and give Tom the policeman time to make love and get married to the cook in the neighbouring square.

Miss Audley suggested that it was very likely Tom had already done what she feared, when Martha interrupted her with: 'Oh, dear!

Mise, you wouldn't say so if you had seen the valentine he sent me!'

Anna Matilda tossed her head disdainfully, telling Martha she was free to leave her when she pleased, since she was fool enough to believe in the promises of a valentine.

It is proverbially the last drop that causes the vase to overflow—the last feather that breaks the camel's back—and perhaps nothing could have better contributed to put poor Georgy's spirits still further out of tune, than Martha's sudden secession, coupled with the pastoral simplicity of her faith in the policeman. It was mortifying to have to own to herself, that the Demons and Phillises of the kitchen kept their troth better than those of the drawing-room. It was in vain Miss Audley put forth all her conversational powers to amuse and enliven her companion—gaiety and raillery were alike unavailing to rouse her; and it seemed quite a relief when candles were at length brought in and the curtains drawn, shutting out the dreary prospect.

When the hissing urn was placed on the table, and they sat by a cheerful fire and took their tea, the room wore such an air of comfort, that Anna Matilda could not help remarking that one might be just as pleasantly off in bad weather in the country as in town.

'Only you can't go out shopping, in a fly, as you can in London,' observed Georgiana. 'You can soon get through a day with that.'

Evidently the day had been an unusually heavy one to get through! When the tea-things were removed, Georgiana requested Matilda to play some of the pianoforte music she had brought with her, and meanwhile she lolled on the sofa to listen.

Matilda was rather a dashing player, and willingly treated her to an elaborate fantasia by one of her favourite composers.

'But that's not amusing,' said Georgiana, peevishly, when she had finished; 'do play me some polkas, there's a dear girl.'

Matilda was not loth, and presently launched forth into one of Strauss's most dance-provoking tunes. To this succeeded a bril-

liant waltz, then a mazurka, then a varsovienne—all of the most inspiring kind—till the fair performer happening to cast her eyes upon a looking-glass that reflected her friend's image, perceived that Georgiana's whole person seemed transformed, and instinct with animation, while her feet were busily tracing steps in the air. Anna Matilda ceased playing abruptly, and turned round on her stool.

'Oh, go on—go on!' said Georgiana, imploringly.

'Why, Georgy,' cried Miss Audley, starting from her seat, 'why are you so excited, my dear girl?'

Georgiana's animation faded in an instant, and she leant her head back on the cushions, while two streams of tears ran down from her eyes. In reply to her friend's anxious questions, she answered, half-weeping half-laughing—'I fancied I was at the ball.'

'True—it is the twenty-eighth,' murmured Anna Matilda.

Then, without chiding her for the weakness she had involuntarily betrayed, she began describing in such sarcastic colours the disappointment their two unworthy lovers would experience at not meeting them, that Georgiana finished by laughing outright, and declaring she was quite glad to be so many miles away from the festive scene, and out of all danger of ever meeting Harry again.

Things went on very smoothly for some time after, and Georgiana recovered a portion of her former spirits, though occasionally she complained that winter was rather dull in the country. But when the spring set in with unusual mildness, she took such interest in watching the blossoms, and inspecting the beehives, and rambling about the garden and the fields, that even when Fanny, now just out, wrote that she pitied her for being buried in the country, while they were all alive with balls and parties in town, she would not own to herself that she felt the least regret for London festivities. The only passage that really interested her in Fanny's gossiping letter, was a passing mention of

Harry Clifford, who, she said, had not been seen at any of their acquaintances' houses since the ball on the 28th February, at which he made his appearance but for a moment, and then vanished. Fanny thought he might have danced with her. He did, however, inquire after both Miss Audley and Georgiana. On the cross-writing of Fanny's long letter, she stated that Frank Blythwood was more 'rattling than ever,' and was thought to be courting a rich soap-boiler's daughter.

Georgiana put the letter into her friend's hand, and pointed to the two forbidden names.

'It shows we have done what our dignity required,' said Anna Matilda; 'do let us forget them once for all.'

Summer succeeded to spring. The young ladies received visits from some of their neighbours—but as they only allowed the female portion of the families to enter their cottage, they were nicknamed the 'nuns.' Georgiana thought there would be no harm in admitting gentlemen to the privilege of morning calls; but Miss Audley ruled that until Georgiana was of age, and could take the resolution they intended forming, beyond the power of revocation, it was more suitable to decline male visitors altogether. For it should be observed that Anna Matilda had determined on waiting for her friend's majority, before she bound herself to the celibacy and solitude she was for ever praising.

Georgiana submitted, as she always did, to her imperious friend, but remained unconvinced. She thought, however, there was little use in adorning herself if nobody (of the male gender) was to see her; and accordingly she neglected her dress, and rambled about in her last year's straw hat, and wrapped up in a large shawl that completely concealed her elegant figure.

'I am graduating for becoming a hermit,' would she say whenever Miss Audley remonstrated with her for growing careless of her toilet.

But one day on returning from her morning walk, she picked the old trimming off her hat, and put

on new ribbons, and while so engaged, informed her friend there was an artist sketching in the neighbourhood.

'Is there?' said Miss Audley, in a tone of indifference.

'He is very handsome,' continued Georgiana.

'Is he?' replied her friend, with the same provoking coolness.

'His name is Edgar Tyrrell—a pretty, romantic name—is it not?' persisted Georgiana.

'Surely, Miss Fletcher, you did not ask him his name?' exclaimed Anna Matilda, roused to indignation.

'No, Miss Audley, I did not,' replied Georgiana, laughing; 'I saw it on his colour-box.'

'Then you must have approached him nearer than good manners warranted,' said Matilda.

'He asked me a question about an old castle, being a stranger in this neighbourhood,' said Georgiana, 'and good manners prevented my remaining dumb.'

'But suppose he is handsome, and has a romantic name,' resumed Matilda, 'what is that to us? Are you still weak-minded enough to pin your faith on handsome men?'

'No; but what harm is there in saying he is handsome?' persisted Georgiana; 'I speak as I should of any picture at the exhibition.'

Still as the handsome picture was sufficiently made up of flesh and blood, for Georgiana not to care to



appear again before it in the negligent style of toilet she had latterly adopted, Anna Matilda felt so

alarmed at such rising symptoms of rebellion, that she determined on accompanying her in her morning

rambles, and judging for herself, how dangerous a swain the unknown artist was likely to prove.

Accordingly they sallied forth together on the following morning, and Georgiana led the way, of course by chance, to the spot where he was at work, when politeness required she should bow to him. In a few minutes both young ladies were looking at his sketch, and Miss Audley was presently descanting on colour and *chiar'oscuro* with a fluency that showed her to be deeply conversant with the jargon of the fine arts. Whether Edgar Tyrrell listened very attentively to the meaning of her remarks, is more than doubtful, for the young painter's eyes were so fascinated by the classic beauty of his new acquaintance, that his ears caught nothing beyond the mere sound of her words, which had the effect of sweet music, or of a murmuring stream.

'What do you think of him?' asked Georgiana, the moment they were out of hearing.

'He is very intellectual,' replied Anna Matilda.

'How can you tell that,' said Georgiana laughing, 'when he hardly spoke two words?'

Miss Audley turned away her head with an impatient gesture. She never could brook being made to perceive that she had said a silly thing—and resolved, if she met the young painter again, to give him an opportunity of proving that she had judged him rightly. But he was not to be found on the same spot next morning, nor the day after; and Anna Matilda unconsciously betrayed a degree of irritability during the rest of the day, which would have led any one to suppose that she attached more importance to the meeting than she would have cared to acknowledge to her friend.

About a week afterwards, our fair recluses went to take tea with two widow ladies, sisters, who lived in a pretty cottage, about a mile distant from their home. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Gilbert were past the prime of life, but cheerful, pleasant women, who liked to see everybody happy around them; and who, though but

recent acquaintances, had already taken the privilege of lecturing their youthful visitors on what they termed their unnatural mode of life.

'It is absurd, my dears,' would they say, 'to fancy that two young hearts can live upon friendship for ever.'

On these occasions Miss Audley would invariably adduce the example of her favourite heroines, Lady Eleanor and her friend.

'Ay, that's all very well to write about,' said the sensible matrons; 'and they may have seemed very happy to the tourists who called upon them, and saw them in their sunny hours; but who knows how often they repented their rash resolution?'

On reaching the cottage, the young ladies found the tea-table ready spread for their reception; and presently they sat down to the social meal with their hostesses, one of whom remarked that they need not wait for their friend, as his return was uncertain.

'You must not be angry, you man-hater,' said Mrs. Gilbert, gaily tapping Matilda on the shoulder, 'but we have a male friend staying with us—and as after all you are subject to meet these nuisances when you pay visits, we didn't think ourselves obliged to lock him up.'

'Certainly not,' said Miss Audley, disdainfully; 'our hearts are not made of such inflammable materials as to need the precaution of bolts and bars.'

'Bolts and bars may become very wise precautions, my dear, some two years later,' began Mrs. Brown, 'when——'

Here she was interrupted by the entrance of the guest, who had returned sooner than expected, and whom she hastened to introduce as Mr. Edgar Tyrrell, an artist from London, who had come to carry away some of their Monmouthshire views.

'But not to deprive you of them, my dear hostesses,' said he, smiling and taking a hand of each sister affectionately, as he bowed gracefully to the young ladies.

Anna Matilda was provoked at herself on feeling the colour rise to

her cheeks, especially as she perceived a glance exchanged between the sisters. She therefore thought it best to say at once that she had had the pleasure of meeting the gentleman before, and of admiring one of the sketches to which Mrs. Brown alluded. Mr. Tyrrell replied suitably, and the conversation soon became animated and agreeable. Anna Matilda recovered her usual composure, and Georgiana was as gay as a lark.

When the tea-things were removed, the artist brought in his portfolio, at Mrs. Gilbert's request, and its contents were exhibited to the young ladies. The sketch near St. Briavel's, the spot where Miss Audley had first met the young painter, was almost finished since then; but she observed a duplicate of the same scene, in an unfinished state, in which it seemed that the figures of herself and her companion had been sketched in, as well as that of the artist taking the view—only before she had time to satisfy her curiosity on this point, Edgar Tyrrell had dexterously concealed it behind some sheets of blank paper which he laid on one side.

The evening passed very pleasantly, and so rapidly, that the young ladies were surprised when their maid came to fetch them in company with the gardener's son. Mrs. Gilbert observed, 'Such an escort was superfluous for that night, as their friend was too chivalrous by far not to think it a pleasure to see them safely home.' After declaring they should be perfectly safe, even if Georgiana and herself went home quite alone, Miss Audley made no objection to Edgar Tyrrell's walking by their side during the mile that separated them from home, especially as her London maid was now replaced by a country girl, who had neither Martha's prying propensities, nor sufficient quickness to make comments on her young mistress's conduct.

As they walked along in the soft moonlight, Edgar took occasion to remark that there was one scene he regretted not adding to his collection, namely, a little mountain stream leaping down amidst rocks; which

he described so graphically, that Anna Matilda exclaimed incautiously that she knew it well, as she could see it from her garden.

'And why don't you sketch it?' asked Georgiana, archly.

'For the reason Miss Audley has just given,' said the artist. 'I have no right to trespass on her garden, and the view, such as I once saw it on a former visit to this neighbourhood, can only be obtained in perfection from the elevated part of Miss Audley's garden.'

Thus indirectly appealed to, Miss Audley judged that she would only appear afraid to trust herself in the vicinity of a handsome man, if she carried her prudery to the extent of refusing an artist leave to take a sketch from her garden. Accordingly she said politely, but coldly, that 'she could not think of depriving the world of the fine arts of another gem from his pencil,' and, 'that he was free to come through her garden to obtain the desired *point de vue*.'

Edgar Tyrrell was not slow in availing himself of the permission; and the very next day he came with his portfolio and camp stool, and established himself on a kind of platform commanding the fall; but he had the good taste and discretion not to ask to see the fair inmates of the cottage, merely telling the gardener that Miss Audley had given him permission to sketch on her premises.

'I think it is rather inhuman of us not to give him luncheon,' observed Georgiana, when the young painter had come and gone after the same discreet fashion, for two or three consecutive mornings.

'You seem to take great interest in him,' said Miss Audley, with more irritation than the case seemed to warrant.

Georgiana began humming an air. She did not relish being continually snubbed by her friend, and to avoid quarrelling, she went out into the garden to look at the beehives. In a few minutes Anna Matilda stood at her elbow.

'Really,' said Georgiana, laughing, 'you remind me of Mentor, who used to provoke me, when learning,



French at school, with always running after poor *Télémaque*, for fear he should misbehave himself amongst the girls.'

'May not I come and look at the beehives as well as you, Georgy?' asked Miss Audley, colouring deeply.

'I wish I could make her jealous of me,' thought Georgiana; 'and that jealousy made her fall in love with Edgar Tyrrell—and then!—'

Ay!—in that one little word 'then,' which she did not expound any further, even to herself, how many desiderata lay concealed! freedom—the making up of lovers' quarrels—and a host of possibilities that had hitherto appeared sheer impossibilities.

Just three weeks after the wish she had formed, Georgiana, on coming down to breakfast, found a letter directed to herself, in a hand that might not have disgraced a cat; the contents of which ran as follows:—

'Dear Miss,

'Eekuse liberty, but Mr. Clifford is breaking is 'art after you, and i think rite to tell you as i ham very 'appy with the policeman, as we wer married last sunday, and am your umble servant,

'MRS. MARTHA STAMMERS.'

Georgiana read this curious epistle three times over, and then hiding it in her pocket, fell into deep thought. Was Harry repentant after all? Any way it showed a kind feeling in Martha, to give her this hint; and some penetration, Georgiana thought, to have discovered she once cared for Harry Clifford. She was so completely absorbed in her musings, that she did not perceive how long she had sat waiting for Matilda to join her at the breakfast table, till the maid came in to ask whether she should bring in the urn?

'I'll wait for Miss Audley,' said Georgiana.

'Please, miss,' said the maid, 'I think you'll be hungry if you do.'

'Is she gone out?'

'Yes, miss.'

'What, for long?' said Georgiana. The maid looked particularly silly

at this question, as she replied: 'Well, I suppose so, miss.'

Georgiana ate her breakfast none the worse, perhaps, for Martha's letter, and then rambled out into the garden. In Mentor's absence she thought she would venture to go and look at Mr. Tyrrell's sketch, which must have become a picture by this time. For, working three weeks on the same subject, either he must have been much dissatisfied with his first two or three attempts, or else have arrived at completion by this time.

'Is Mr. Tyrrell at work up there?' asked she of the gardener's son.

'No, miss, he be gone,' said the lad with a broad grin.

'Gone? What! left the neighbourhood?' cried Georgiana. 'But when was he here last?'

'He was here this morning, miss,' replied the lad, 'till Miss Audley came, and they went away together, out by that 'ere gate.' When perceiving Georgiana's look of amazement, he quickly added: 'La! miss, what didn't you know? Why they've been 'a-courting every day as the gent came.'

It now flashed across Georgiana's mind that her friend had somehow contrived daily to occupy her with one thing or another, while she disappeared from the room, evidently to superintend the sketch of the waterfall. Not caring to encourage the lad to talk any more, she went back into the house, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or be angry that her companion had gone away without a word of explanation. Yet she somehow experienced a sense of great relief. Late in the day she received a note from Anna Matilda, informing her that she had met with a sincere heart at last; and was about to be united to Edgar Tyrrell. Why she need have run away to do so, was rather problematical; except, perhaps, that she was ashamed to face her friend after changing her mind so soon—besides, being one of those who prefer cutting the Gordian knot to untying it.

Left to herself, Georgiana lost no time in writing home to her family, explaining what had happened, and begging them to come and fetch her

away as soon as possible. Mr. Fletcher said it would be a good joke to leave Georgiana for a time to enjoy her own company; but Mrs. Fletcher took pity on her, and volunteered to start at once with her daughters to bring her home. Matilda's uncle, who had been called to the family council, offered to escort the ladies, as Mr. Fletcher could not leave town; and invited them to stay at his seat—the cottage not having accommodation for them all. This being gladly accepted, on the evening of the day after the Fletchers had received Georgiana's letter, the three ladies made their appearance at the 'hermitage,' where they found the fair occupant in company with Mrs. Gilbert, who at her request had taken possession of Miss Audley's bedroom.

Mrs. Gilbert, who had been much amused by the *dénouement* of Matilda's romance, was sincerely glad to see Georgiana restored to her family—and while the two elder ladies were talking on the subject, the sisters drew Georgiana aside into the garden.

'I hope you won't be very angry, Georgy, when you hear who accompanied us besides Matilda's uncle?' said Isabella.

'Who?' asked Georgiana, looking little disposed at that moment to be angry with anybody.

'Harry Clifford,' said Fanny.

'Oh! I suppose he is half beside himself at Till's marriage,' said Georgiana; 'but what does he come here for?'

'That he'll explain himself,' said Bella, as she and her sister hastened back towards the house.

Georgiana would fain have followed them, but on seeing Harry Clifford open the gate and come forward with so sad an air, she felt rooted to the spot.

'How have I offended you?' asked he.

Georgiana tried to restrain her

tears, and could only articulate: 'That valentine!'

'Well! Was it so great a crime to entreat you to wear a flower at the ball by way of an answer?'

'But you wrote to *her*, not to me,' objected Georgiana.

And she drew from her pocket the valentine Miss Audley had given her, to remind her constantly of Harry's perfidy.

'Good heavens!' cried Harry, 'I see it all! Frank Blythwood proposed, after our valentines were sealed, that we should have them directed by his solicitor's clerk, in order that no one, in either household, should guess who they came from. The addresses must have been reversed by mistake. I put a mark on mine, as you see here—but Frank is so careless! He little knows the immeasurable pain his carelessness has cost me.'

Georgiana uttered an exclamation of joy, though she hastened to say: 'Poor Frank Blythwood is to be pitied likewise.'

'Don't waste any pity on him,' said Harry, 'since he is already married to another—save it rather for me.'

Georgiana laid her hand in his; but her heart was too full to allow her to utter a word. Meanwhile Harry related how kind her father had been to him, on learning his attachment to his daughter, and how he had told him to have patience as all would come right in the end. Only he had positively forbidden his following Georgiana before she grew tired of her seclusion.

'I am heartily tired of it now,' said Georgiana, amidst tears and laughter.

And no one will be surprised if, under the circumstances, Harry found it easier than he had hoped to obtain her promise, that they should be united on next St. Valentine's day.

## 'ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.'

'ONLY a woman's hair ;'

Well, once, I will confess,  
Not all the wealth of a millionaire  
Could have won from me that tress.

It was won, ay, when was it won ?

In the days of long ago,  
And, of all places under the sun,  
At an Agricultural Show.

We were gazing, arm in arm,  
In a study of love's bright brown,  
I think, at the pigeons—a sudden alarm,  
Her hair was coming down.

We gained a retiring room ;  
Scarce had I closed the door,  
When it fell—in masses of glossy gloom  
That half-way reach'd the floor.

A rose tint of the June  
Her face, as she hurriedly bound  
The dishevell'd stray, that her beauty's noon  
With wandering arms enwound.



And I ask'd—ere a day's escape,  
Came a scented note and my suit,  
'From those rich ripe clusters one tiny grape  
Is not forbidden fruit ?'

\* \* \* \* \*

*Only a Woman's Hair.*

I 'assisted'—that's the term—  
 Last week, at the very same show,  
 As a partner in the implement firm  
 Of Mangell, Wurzell, and Co.

And I saw—Mrs. Tomkinson,  
 With ten darlings, little and big,  
 A stoutish lady, intent upon  
 A remarkably fine prize pig.

I thought of the sweet lang syne,  
 And I dare say so did she;  
 But I merely remark'd that the day was fine,  
 And ask'd after Mr. T.



Here Thomas, bring me my boots;  
 And fling this rubbish away—  
 No, hang it, my head is bald as a coot's,  
 And her sister locks are grey.

But *this* Time never seres;  
 I gaze, and she shines again  
 The silver star of my youthful years,  
 And not the mother of ten.

R. W.

## THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

'Hoping against Hope.'

'YES, I am waiting here, mother, with no company but my boy's,  
 I could not sit by the mouth of the pit and hearken the hollow noise  
 Of the strokes of the pick and the crowbar as they toiled away below  
 To rescue the men—and my husband—he is living still I know.  
 It was only last night I saw him as I drowsed away by the fire,  
 Up there in the engine-house yonder—for at last I began to tire;  
 And, as I was nodding, I fancied that some one came to the door—  
 'Twas he—he looked in at me smiling—and passed away—and no more!  
 But I know by his smile he is happy—do you think he'd be happy, dear,  
 If he'd left you, little Charlie, and your mother lonely here?  
 Look up, my child! He'll be coming: God will send him back again,  
 For how could we two poor things get on, if that our good man was ta'en?

'But I could not sit within sound of the pit—it almost drove me mad;  
 For I counted—and counted—and counted the blows of the busy pick and  
 the gad;  
 And as easily could I reckon and sum my best blood by drops,  
 As measure his life by those random blows, with the frequent pauses and  
 stops.  
 When with sullen sound the treacherous ground in the shaft-side fell away,  
 And the work was all to begin afresh—and 'tis near a week to-day!  
 Look—tell me! Does any one come from the pit?—for my eyes are  
 weak with tears!  
 A neighbour has promised to carry to me the first news from the shaft  
 that he hears;  
 "Yet," he said, "there was little hope for them now!"—but I did not heed  
 what he said;  
 For they cannot be dead—they cannot be dead—oh, God! *he* cannot be  
 dead!

'There is no one coming? Well, well, we must wait—but oh, 'tis a weary  
 tryst,  
 And at times there's a doubt that whispers my heart—a doubt I can scarce  
 resist;  
 But I look into little Charlie's face, and under my breath I pray—  
 And whisper myself, "The Lord is good—He gives—He takes away!"  
 But He will not take the father away, and leave only the child and me  
 To wander the wide-world through alone. It cannot—it will not be!  
 Oh, mother! it was but few weeks ago we pitied the Queen of the land  
 For a loss that we now come near to know—for a grief we now understand!  
 But there's One Friend still Who will listen when the widow and father-  
 less call—  
 Oh, wives and children, neighbours of mine, God have mercy on us all!

'Is any one coming—can you see? What, no one—and now so late!  
 Oh, mother, mother! the heart grows sick that has for so long to wait.  
 Yet—oh, when I see my husband, and look in his face again—  
 For he *is* alive—I shall be repaid for this moment's years of pain;  
 And they'll not be bitter, the plenteous tears that when he comes I shall  
 shed—

For he cannot be dead—he cannot be dead—oh, God! he cannot be dead!

'Is any one coming? Look again—is not some one there by the gate?  
 I fancied there was. How cold it grows—and it's getting late, ah, late!  
 Why, mother, you know this very month we've been married ten years long—  
 We have suffered together, and struggled at times—but it only made love  
 more strong.

And he was as true a husband to me as woman ever has seen—

"He *was*," do I say? He is living still! He *is* a true husband, I mean!  
 And while I was ill, when Charlie was born, how gently he nursed me then—  
 How strange it is that the strength of love makes such tender nurses of men!  
 And I used to lie and listen while from out of The Book he read—  
 Oh, he cannot be dead—he cannot be dead—oh, God, he cannot be dead!

'Surely there's some one coming—look! You can see from where you stand!  
 At last is there some one coming this way? Little Charlie, give me your  
 hand;

Come close to my side! Can you see, mother—can you see? Is there only  
 one?

Is he hastening, mother, to where we are? Is he hurrying here? Does he  
 run?

What? walking so slow! Ah, well we know 'tis ill news travels apace!  
 Hush! hush! don't tell me of tears on his cheek, and a grave sad look on  
 his face,

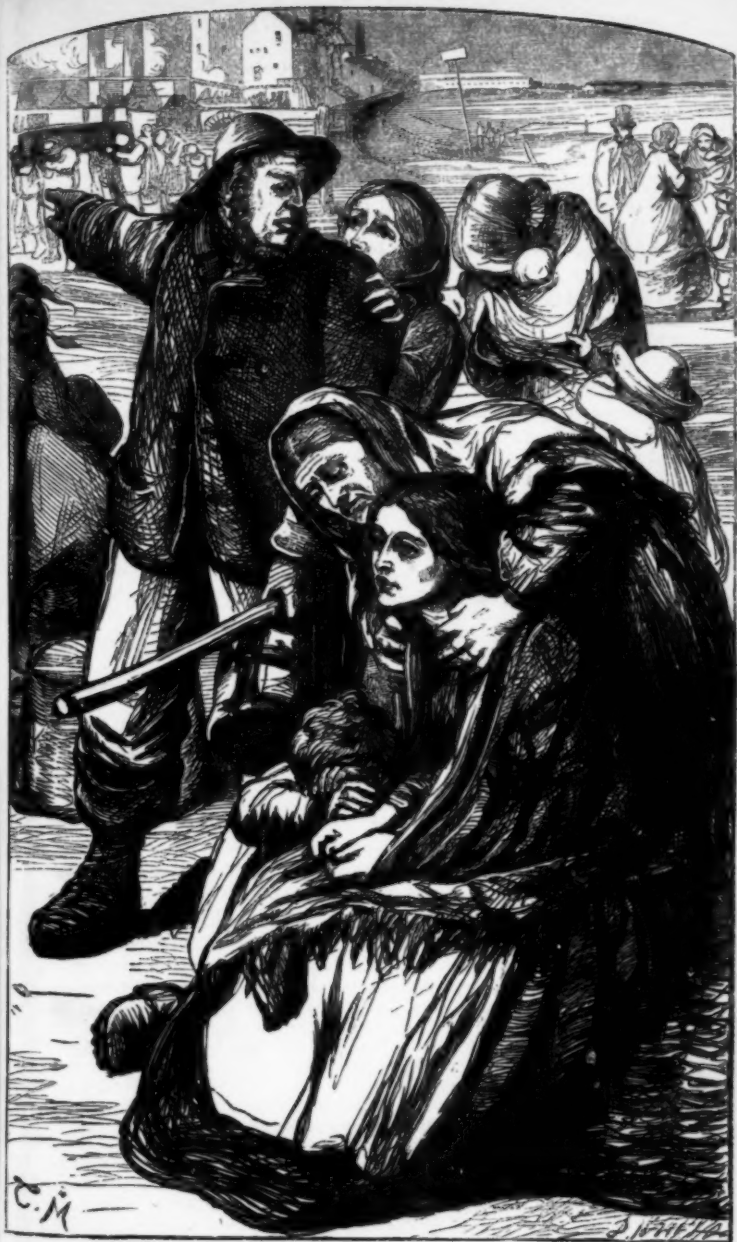
Or else I shall always hear in your voice, till my dying day, the tone  
 Of the one that first told me I was left alone in the world—alone!

"Dead!—dead!—dead!" Like molten lead the words burn into my  
 brain,

And into my heart, till every part is wrung with the mighty pain!  
 Had I only seen him alive once more—only heard his parting breath—  
 Had he only lain in my arms once more to pass into those of death—  
 Had I closed his eyes as the life-light died, I had been more reconciled.  
 Is he dead? Is he dead? Oh, can he be dead? God help me and the  
 child!

THOMAS HOOD.





THE WIDOW'S WAIL.—THE NEW HARTLEY PIT, JANUARY, 1862.

DRAWN BY T. MORTEN.

A

'S

don

with

plea

voic

note

first

sum

clea

long

so b

A

and

fem

her

con

ner

last

a sh

Do

T

had

gre

as

she

alm

love

to

thin

the

rea

the

the

fon

can

ent

beir

har

hel

wh

In

you

be

tho

## THE HOUSE IN PICCADILLY.

A TALE FOR MAIDENS, WIVES, AND WIDOWS; AND, INCIDENTALLY,  
FOR ELDERLY GENTLEMEN.

## CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THEY TALK IT OVER.

'SHALL I ring for lights, Rupert?'

'Just as you please, Gussie; I don't care.'

'Not lights yet; do let us be without them a little longer, Gussie,' pleaded, rather imperiously, a third voice, a voice with some of the same notes in it as had the voices of the first two speakers; some of the same, and some that were younger, clearer, more ringing.

'Let us be without them a little longer, and talk it over; we can do so better in the dark.'

A sob here choked her utterance, and she—for the speaker was a female—bent her head down upon her sister's lap, and cried in that convulsive, passionate, violent manner that is so distressing while it lasts, and that generally lasts but a short time.

'My darling Floy; hush, dear. Do calm yourself.'

The soothing tones and words had their due effect. The sobs grew less frequent, less deep; and as they presently ceased altogether, she exclaimed quite clearly, and almost brightly: 'What a proof of love and confidence papa has shown to dear mamma, in leaving everything to her! I felt so proud of them both when that clause was read; didn't you, Gussie?'

'My dear Floy,' said her brother—the 'Rupert' who was addressed in the first line—'I don't think you're fonder of them than I am, but I can't go with you heartily in being enthusiastically pleased at our future being so entirely in our mother's hands; at our being so powerless to help ourselves.'

'Rupert! you say this! you, for whom mamma would give her life! In whose hands could our future, as you call our getting on in the world, be safer than in mamma's? I thought you would have been as

well pleased to owe everything to mamma, as she will be to give everything to us.'

'Rupert means, dear,' said the eldest sister, quietly, 'that, considering how rich our dear father was, it would have been wiser to settle something definitely upon the sons at least, rather than to leave it all to mamma, who has such a distaste for business and exertion. And I agree with him in doubting the wisdom of the act as cordially as I agree with you in admiring the spirit which dictated it.'

'But Rupert,' said Florence, earnestly, interrupting her speech with sobs, 'everything will be just the same, you know. Mamma said so to me when I would go in and speak to her. "Rupert's allowance shall be increased, if he remains away," she said, "and if he likes to live at home altogether, he shall have the management of everything." Will you live at home, Rupert?'

'No, Floy; I think not.'

'Why won't you?'

'I am no lawyer; consequently the management of other people's business is not in my line. But these are early days to talk of such things. Heavens! I can hardly realize that this day week my father sat here, alive and well.'

'And we were all so happy,' moaned Florence; 'and now it's all over for ever.'

'We think so now, Floy,' said her sister, 'and for a long time we shall all feel very sad; but time is healing, and we shall learn to think of our good, kind, dearly-loved father with less poignant grief. I thought poor Gerald would have been here by this time, Rupert, didn't you? Poor Gerald! how he will feel it! Though I long to see him, I dread his coming.'

Rupert bent down to look at his watch by the firelight; and then

rising, said, as he rang the bell, 'The train arrives by half-past six; if he came by it, he'll be here soon, for it's seven now. Let dinner be on the table by half-past seven, Thomas.'

This last sentence was addressed to the servant who brought in the lamp.

It was an argand lamp—one of those whose light falls almost as clearly and purely as moonbeams, instead of with the hot, coarse glare of gas. And as, when he had placed it on the centre table, he proceeded to light the wax candles on the mantelpiece, darkness fled, and the three whose conversation we have been listening to, stood out in full relief.

Sitting in a negligently graceful attitude, in a low lounging chair, on the left-hand side of the fire, was a lady over whose head some three or four-and-twenty summers had passed. The face which rested on the slender white hand, as she sat gazing stedfastly into the fire, was pale, clear, and dark. Her eyes were large and oval, and they had the same steel-blue reflection in them as might be observed in her hair when the light fell upon it. She wore the latter banded back in an apparently careless fashion—just leaving her ears visible—and coiled in a superbly massive roll at the back of her head, where a small jet comb confined it. Apparently careless, I say advisedly, for simple as the arrangement was, not one of the many who would have been glad to copy Augusta Knightly, could ever succeed in bringing about the same result. On some statue that she had seen in one of the art-galleries abroad, the hair had been disposed in this way; and she had gone home and, with what looked like the wave of her arm, she had produced the self-same effect, and liked it, and continued it up to the present day. She had the straight nose that ought to belong to a downcast, modest face; and yet, though hers was generally borne aloft with a proud, imperial air, the straight nose did not seem at all out of place on it. With the delicate, curved beauty of her mouth and chin, no one could

find fault. They were perfect in every line.

This queenly head—for such it was—rose on a massive swelling throat, from shoulders low and broad, which sprang in turn from a tiny round waist. She was not a sylph. She was one of those women who, though delicately made, never look of fairy-like proportions, that is, thin; her shoulders were too wide for that, and her bust too full. She had the way of doing everything gracefully—the art of being perfectly natural.

As she sat there with one hand supporting her face, and the other smoothing the bright hair of Florence, her younger sister, her deep mourning garb making her look paler than usual, and the sorrow at her heart softening the proud expression of her eye and lip, something in her appearance—or in connection with her—seemed to touch her brother deeply, for bending down and kissing her brow, he said—

'Dear Gussie, for your sake, even more than the others, I bitterly regret that my poor father should have been taken just now.'

'Nonsense, Rupert,' she replied, looking up and attempting to smile, 'it is on account of you and Gerald that I disapprove of certain arrangements my dear father deemed it right to make. To Floy here and me they will make little difference, but I disapprove of men being dependent.'

'Even on their own mothers? oh, Gussie!' interrupted Florence.

'Even on their own mothers,' responded Miss Knightly, calmly.

'Well, thank heaven, I have no such absurd notions to add to my bitterness at this bitter time,' replied Florence, warmly; and once more there was silence in the room.

The last speaker was a girl about twenty. By common consent, whenever she made her appearance, Florence Knightly was voted the beauty of the occasion. She was taller and slighter than her sister, with a very fair face, and long golden hair and lashes, indeed, rather light than golden. The extraordinary feature in her beauty was that these lashes shaded eyes of the darkest brown. She had irregular features;

a little nose that had a decided inclination to turn up, and a mouth that some people said would have been pretty had it been a size or two smaller. Florence Knightly's face was more and better than beautiful; it was fascinating to an extraordinary degree. It was like her manner—like her way as they called it; it was bewitchingly sympathetic. She was always desperately in earnest in what she said and did and thought; at least she always gave the impression of being so. She had the art of carrying her hearers with her on most occasions, for she had the eloquence of the eye as well as of the lip. Augusta's tones were perhaps better defined than Florence's, the tones more polished and the words more elegantly chosen; but Floy had the voice that lived in your heart the longest. She spoke impulsively, eagerly; and jumped her words into spasmodic sentences. Still it was a strain of purest melody; still you listened and longed for more of those notes, rich, soft, and clear as May dew. There was a difference, too, in the manner of these sisters, who had had the same instructors and advantages, learnt the same lessons, and gone into the same society. Augusta had that calm repose, that perfect self-possession, which is so eminently attractive. Florence, from rarely doing anything like other people, was very generally considered affected, and by her young-lady friends, theatrical. If she had not come of such a very unexceptionable race, there are many who would have called Florence Knightly 'bad style,' and her warmest friends felt in their innermost hearts, that if Floy had not quite so much action, it would perhaps be better.

Rupert Knightly, to whom I come at last, was worthy to be the brother of such very lovely sisters. He was about eight-and-twenty; tall, and slight in figure; with the fair hair and face of his younger sister, and the proud expression of his elder; a reserved face, almost a stern one, and yet one to which you would instinctively turn for protection, if you were in any doubt, or difficulty, or danger. Though

he was fair, with strongly marked aquiline features, he bore a very strong resemblance to Augusta; but the brow, which in the woman was low, though broad, was in the man remarkably high, and strikingly intellectual. The long, drooping moustache partially concealed the shape of his mouth, but still it could be seen that he had the short curved lip of his sister. He had her quiet, self-assured manner too; and her polished clear tones, and her undoubted air of being thoroughbred.

He was the head, nominally, of the house now; and in the midst of her deep, deep grief for her father, his sister Augusta had thought, through the last few sad days, thought with pride how worthy he was to be the head of that or any other house. He was so clever; not that she deemed there would be ever any call upon him to distinguish himself. She had only thought of him in one light—as her father's heir; as his successor in the borough he had represented so long; as the head of the house, the rich Rupert Knightly, Esq., M.P. for Warmingston. But on this day, on the evening of which I introduce them to the notice of the reader, on this sad day of their father's funeral, the will had been read; and to everybody's surprise—everybody's expressed surprise, which was worse—to the astonishment of the widow herself, every fraction of the property, both landed and funded, was left at the absolute disposal of the weak, irresolute Mrs. Knightly; and Rupert was indeed the head of the house, but dependent on his mother for his daily bread. The heir of the rich Mr. Knightly—one of the wealthiest commoners in the county—had no profession. He had been brought up to play the part of a rich man, with large landed estates. He had chosen, for the most part, to reside in his own quarters in the Albany, and had been quite content to draw a splendid allowance quarterly from his father, without caring about anything being decidedly settled upon him. But now his father was dead, and things would be quite different;

and so Rupert Knightly felt, and so his sister Augusta felt for him.

And now Rupert Knightly, glancing at the clock on the mantelpiece—a clock on which gilt and enamelled Cupids chased, winged and jewelled hours—said,

‘By Jove! twenty minutes to eight! Gerald can’t be coming by that train; we had better go and dine.’

They went into the long, lofty dining-room, those two sisters and their brother, and choked back their tears, as Rupert said grace as master in that place for the first time—in that room where their father had been genial, happy, and hearty but the other day. His portrait hung on the wall opposite to Florence—the portrait of a fine, hale, handsome old man—and seemed to smile kindly down upon them. The dinner was irreproachable, and Thomas and Burton, the butler, waited as severely as ever; but what a farce that pretence of eating appeared to the grief-stricken children who were mourning a father.

‘Will you come back to the drawing-room with us, Rupert?’ Augusta asked, as she was leading the way out, when their stately meal was over.

‘I shall come to you directly, Gussie. I wish one of you would just run up to my mother. I don’t like the idea of her being up there without any one of us, crying and sobbing herself frantic.’

‘I’ll go up, but I don’t think it’s much use, Rupert,’ answered Augusta, sadly. ‘We have tried, both of us, so many times to-day, and it only makes her worse. I do so dread the idea of bringing on hysterics again.’

‘For mercy’s sake, don’t do that, Gussie!—but go up. That maid of my mother’s encourages anything of the sort, I know, and whines and howls herself at such a rate that I’m sure she must upset my mother terribly,’ he added to Florence, as his eldest sister left the room on her unpromising mission.

‘Baines has been a great comfort to mamma all through this trying time, dear Rupert,’ said Florence, rather reproachfully. ‘Mamma’s

nerves are weak at any time, and they are so shattered now that no one could have soothed her like Baines.’

‘It seems to me that we could have done it better, Floy, if that wretched Baines had not kept the door closed on us. Well, Gussie?’

Miss Knightly had evidently been unsuccessful. ‘Mamma says she would rather be alone, Rupert, till Gerald comes. I want her to go to bed early, and not see Gerald till to-morrow morning; but she says she shall sit up all night if he doesn’t come. We shall only be too glad to have you, dear, when you are tired of being alone.’

The girls walked away to the drawing-room. Rupert sat alone over his wine, but not drinking it. The desolate widow lay on her couch upstairs. The domestics muttered in the servants’ hall about the strangeness of that will, which, as they said, had left Mr. Rupert and Mr. Gerald nothing but beggars; and so for many hours there was silence in this stately mansion in Piccadilly. Still the hours went by, and Gerald did not come.

Who Gerald was, and why he had not been there, shall be told in the next chapter. In this I will only state that at about eleven a cab dashed up to the door; there was a violent knock, and a rush of fresh air into the hall. The sisters had only time to exclaim hurriedly, ‘It’s Gerald!’ when he was before them.

## CHAPTER II.

### SHOWING WHY GERALD WAS NOT THERE.

The golden bowl was broken now, and the silver cord loosed, and the light of the lamp that had burned so brightly was quenched—gone out for ever; and only the other day he had been alive, well, amongst them all, so short a time since; and now the last had come; the handful of earth had been thrown—‘dust to dust, ashes to ashes’—and it was all over.

But it had been very sudden. There is no doubt about it: sudden death, though a thing that some few may individually pray for, if we

can hope humbly that it finds us prepared, is very awful to the survivors. That seeing a loved one fade away, slowly and surely, may rend and tear our hearts, and cause our spirits to sink lower, lower every day with the sickening knowledge of what it is all coming to; but in that case there is not the fierce, unexpected pain. We are not cruelly frightened as well as cruelly hurt. Mr. Knightly's death had been sudden—terribly sudden. He had bidden guests to his table; welcomed them there warmly, and died while they were sitting around it. His wife and children had seen him last playing the part of the kind, genial host—a part he was ever playing—and soon they were summoned back, by cries of horror, to the room where he lay a ghastly corpse. It had been sudden—awfully sudden. No time to bless either wife or child, but time to clasp Rupert's hand in one loving clasp before the spirit fled. He had time to give that assurance of love to the son who was there, but none to say one loving word about the son who was away—about the son he had parted with in anger. And this was why his sister had said that she dreaded the meeting with poor Gerald.

Gerald Knightly was a younger son; consequently his father had decided that it behoved him to make him something or other; so he put him into the army, a profession entirely after Gerald's heart. But for the last year or two Gerald had got into the habit of despising himself because he was in the —th, quartered at Woolwich, instead of being in the Guards, quartered at Knightsbridge, with occasional duty at Windsor. He told his father, if he would supply the funds, he would himself soon manage the matter. But as Mr. Knightly did not see things in the same light, and refused to advance the necessary funds, after many applications had been made to him, Gerald had grown heated and angry, and had gone off to the Continent, without leaving a proper course of addresses. So it had come to pass that his father had died and been

buried without Gerald knowing anything about it. They had that morning received a note from him—or rather Rupert had—directed to him at his own chambers, stating his intention of being home that night; and now this was the news they had to give him. No wonder they said, 'Poor Gerald!' for gay, and dashing, and reckless as he was, Gerald Knightly was a loving, tender, affectionate son. He would be sorry enough now that he had said all that about Woolwich, and made his father think him discontented. To say the truth, Woolwich is not the one spot under the sun that is most desirable. His sisters, in trying to reconcile him to the hard fate of being other than a Guardsman, had said, 'And then, Gerald, there are the Artillery balls and concerts!' But Gerald's position was unassailable. 'I could take you to them just as well without being fastened down there on duty,' he had replied. He had liked Woolwich very well when he had gone there first, a young ensign: this was another grievance—he belonged to an infantry regiment. He had been satisfied with the life at Woolwich, and the soirées at the Royal Hospital, Greenwich—where he invariably played a very prominent part—for a time, until he had stepped over the heads of men who might easily have been his grandfathers, and was hailed by the world at large as Captain Knightly, and pronounced by his sisters to be the handsomest man they ever saw. And then he began to look upon his lot as hard, very hard indeed, and upon himself as entirely thrown away. So his claims had grown more urgent lately, and had resulted in a coolness with the father, who had refused to meet them. And now that father lay cold and dead in his narrow tomb, and poor Gerald was still unconscious of the fact.

He came rushing into the room where his two sisters stood waiting to receive him. Augusta, calm and graceful as ever, but showing in the swelling veins which marbled the back of the little white hand she pressed on the edge of a table, and



in the deeper paleness which overspread her face, how great was the excitement under which she laboured. Florence bent forward in a drooping attitude, clasping and unclasping her hands in a passionate manner.

'What's the matter, Gussie? Burton keeps on shaking his head and saying nothing; what—'

He stopped suddenly. His eyes fell on their black dresses, on their grief-stricken faces; and in a stunned, dazed manner he sat down and looked at them hopelessly, speechlessly.

'Papa! poor papa! Oh, Gerald!' from Florence, and, 'Be calm, dearest Gerald; we have suffered a terrible loss, and we must all help one another to bear it,' from Augusta told him all. Still he sat there, with his face buried in his hands, till Rupert came in and laid his hand on his shoulder.

'My dear boy, my dear Gerald, I would have spared you this shock at any cost; bear up, old fellow; just think of these girls.'

Gerald wrung his brother's hand.

'Was it,' he began hoarsely, 'anything that could—am I the cause in any way—?'

He ceased, and Rupert answered with a prompt, sympathising eagerness that went straight to Gerald's heart, 'There was no apparent cause—a spasm of the heart, Holford says; he was well, happy, hearty one minute, the next he was dead.'

'Then he—my father—sent no word of forgiving love to me, Rupert?'

'My dear boy, do not be distressed at that; painful as it is, we are all in the same case; he had no time to speak to any of us; and I can assure you any little feeling of annoyance against you had passed away. He spoke of you two or three days before his death to me, and seemed to be looking forward to your return.'

There was consolation in the words; they were intended to be consoling; and Gerald felt it to be due to his brother to acknowledge them as such.

'Thank you, Rupert,' he said simply, and then after kissing his

sisters, he went away up to his mother's room.

It was still early in the summer season; but sorrow is always chilly. The suddenly bereft wife lay upon a luxurious couch, wrapped up in cashmeres, in that boudoir which Martin and Graham had fitted up for her afresh, under her thoughtful, loving husband's directions, but a month ago. She lay before a blazing fire; moaning at intervals, and with crimson cheeks and burning hands, complaining of the cold.

She looked too young—she was forty-seven or eight—to be the mother of those men and women down stairs; for hers was a lasting order of beauty. Rose was her name, and a rose she was, even now. Her husband had married her for her exceeding loveliness when she was sixteen, and idolized her for it up to the day of his death. She was a sweet woman, gentle and affectionate, and sensitively jealous. Mr. Knightly had worshipped and spoilt her with admirable constancy from the moment he first met her and found that her limpid hazel eyes brightened, and her rounded cheeks grew pinky at his approach. I have said that she was sweet, and gentle, and affectionate; but with all these good and charming qualities she was not a perfect woman by any means. She had a great weakness for being consulted on all occasions. Her husband had always found a pleasure in doing so; and it had ever been painful to her that the rest of the world—her world—would not do likewise. Without knowing a note of music she would look poutingly hurt when her daughters would not ask for her suggestions as to turns and flourishes. She would have liked Rupert to consult her about his park hack, and Gerald about his book on the Derby; but they did not think of doing so; and this had been a crease in her roseleaf. Now—and this had been an alleviation of her woe—she would be of importance to them. They would owe the means of procuring their pleasures to her; so, surely, they would be asking her advice, and telling her all their plans. She adored her children; and

had such a sacrifice been demanded, that plump, fair-haired, limpid-eyed, middle-aged matron would have given her life for them; but for all that she did, even in these moments of her first agony, like the notion of their being utterly dependent upon her. It never once occurred to her that the arrangement might not be equally agreeable to them; for they—the sons especially—had always been unanimous in flattering and pleasing their pretty mother.

So now she lay upon her couch, with burning eyes and a racking headache, waiting for Gerald to come and say the same caressingly sympathetic things Rupert had said already. For the first time for many, many years she had cause to shed tears, and these unfrequent visitors had made her feverish and ill.

She, too, had talked it over with Baines, talked it over in the soul-harrowing way some women love. Baines had acted as lay figure, and held up all the crape-covered skirts one after the other, before her weeping mistress, and together they had examined and cried over the length and texture of the 'weepers.' Mrs. Knightly truly mourned her husband's death, and she liked outward and visible signs of things. She even had serious thoughts, she told Baines, of leaving this, their old family mansion in Piccadilly, and going to live in Harley Street, because she had often noticed how many dowagers lived in Harley Street, and she thought it due to Baines's dear late master, &c. But Baines refused to fan the flame when it took this direction. Grief in moderation and within bounds was highly proper, and she felt it incumbent upon herself to go with her mistress to very great lengths; but not to such lengths as a removal to Harley Street. Baines had an eye to the future; and there was the steadiest of butlers—not to say the wealthiest—living next door, who had been rather particular in his attentions of late. Baines did not doubt the strength of his attachment, but she felt that it would be as well not to test it too severely. So she said, when Mrs. Knightly spoke of migrating to Harley Street—

'Ah! mum, take my word for it, when we come back from Warmingston next year, 'twill be to this house, and no Harley Streets; 't ain't likely—my gracious me, here's Captain Gerald!'

The son was speedily clasped in the trembling, loving arms of the mother, who had been a silent witness of that last angry meeting with the dead husband and father; there was plenty to think about, and no need for words for a time. But Mrs. Knightly was soon able to speak as coherently as usual, and then she commenced detailing every little item connected with his father's sudden death and funeral, with that minuteness which is so exceedingly painful to men. Holding his hand firmly and tenderly, bedewing it with tears and covering it with kisses, the really loving mother succeeded in lacerating poor Gerald's heart terribly.

'You'll go into the Guards now, my darling boy, won't you?'

'I don't know, mother; I hope so, but I must talk to Rupert about it.'

'Talk to Rupert; why can't you talk to me about it as well as to Rupert? and you needn't say, you hope so but don't know; for I say you shall if you like.'

'Well, well, mother darling, all right, and now go to bed, will you? it's wrong to wear yourself out in this way.'

'I only waited up to see you, Gerald,' wept the poor lady.

'I know it, mother, and I am only anxious to get you to take rest, because we can't, any of us, bear the thoughts of not having your face amongst us, or of seeing it wan and pale.'

'It's getting an old face, Gerald.'

'Not a bit of it,' he interrupted fondly; 'it's as pretty a face still as either of your pretty daughters can boast. Good night, dear mother.'

Gerald loved his mother; but he felt, as he walked away along the corridor and down stairs, that those were not the attempts at consolation which would have best become him to offer to his widowed mother in these early days of her bereavement; but he also felt the words

and sentiments suited the hearer, if they did not the occasion.

The sisters had retired to their rooms, happier now Gerald was come; and the two young men sat together in Rupert's room late into the night, talking over late events and future prospects.

'When does my mother go down to the Hall, Rupert?'

'To-morrow or the next day, I hope; but nothing has been decidedly settled as yet.'

'I should advise her—in a few months, that is—to look out for a nice box somewhere near Warmingston, so as to be close to you and Georgie when she's out of town; indeed I suppose, as you'll be here, and Gussie will have a town house too, that my mother won't think it worth her while to have any fixed residence in London; she can always be with one of you. You'll stand for Warmingston of course? It's a shame to bother you about money matters, with such an expensive affair as an election before you, but I hope you'll arrange that exchange business for me, Rupert.'

'My mother hasn't told you anything about the disposal of the property then, Gerald?'

'No; what is there to tell?'

Rupert had risen and now stood leaning one shoulder against the mantelpiece, looking down into the handsome animated face of his brother.

'Only that every penny is left to her; that Warmingston is hers; this house hers; and that if Georgie Clifford marries me now, I can give her no position. I am—we all are—dependent on my mother.'

'By George, it's intolerable!' exclaimed the younger brother, starting to his feet; 'I could have stood it for myself—indeed I, as a younger son, always anticipated being dependent on somebody or other—but for you, Rupert! Oh, my mother must see at once—it must be represented to her—that this cannot be. If you are not put in possession of your rights, it will be a positive injustice. I am convinced my mother will see things in a proper light.'

'You surely know her well enough to be convinced that, eager as she

is always to please us, it must be in her own way.'

Gerald's brow grew very dark. 'My poor father has made a great mistake, Rupert; but it is a mistake that her motherly and even womanly feelings will induce her at once to rectify.' Are the girls' fortunes assured to them, or specified? They were to have thirty thousand: I hope they are, for Tollemache is not a fellow to marry on an uncertainty, or wait on the pleasure of any mother-in-law; and Gussie is very fond of him.'

'No; there's nothing settled on them. I've thought of Gussie too; she's too proud to go to Tollemache under other circumstances than he—and she too—believed to exist when he proposed to her. It's an unfortunate affair altogether.'

'It's the weakest thing my father ever did in his life,' said the young officer, who had been half an hour before heartfelt of love and reverence for both parents. 'My mother is no more fit to have an atom of power in her hands than that poodle down there' (stirring up as he spoke a curled white French gentleman with pink skin); 'it was weak, very weak, of my father.'

'The only satisfactory thing is,' said Rupert, 'that at all events my mother is far too devoted a mother—has been far too loving and loved a wife, ever to contemplate matrimony again.'

'Heavens! yes!' replied Gerald sternly; 'I never once thought of disgrace in connection with her.' Grown-up sons—and daughters too—are generally inclined to take a very harsh view of their mothers marrying again.

'No, no, Rupert; not so bad as that; we need not fear her ever disgracing herself; and in spite of the doubt you have expressed, I do firmly hope that when it's put before her in a proper light, she will place you in your right position without the least reservation. I understand now why she said just now that I should be a Guardsman if I liked; but till you are all right, old fellow, I shall accept nothing at her hands.'

And then the two brothers shook hands heartily and separated.

'Will Frank go down to Warmingston with us, Gussie, or follow us in a week or two do you think?'

'I don't know, Floy; I have no idea.'

The question was asked and answered as the two girls were parting in their mutual dressing-room, from which the doors of their sleeping-apartments opened at opposite sides.

'Poor Frank!' pursued Florence, meditatively; 'in addition to everything else there's his disappointment; for I suppose you won't be married for some time, Gussie.'

'Not for a year, certainly,' replied

Miss Knightly in a decided tone; 'probably longer.'

They went, all of them, to Warmingston in a few days, and time went on, and Rupert was still the head of the house in name alone; and still Gerald refused to have that little affair of the exchange arranged, though his affectionate mother was constantly offering him the money. The days lengthened themselves into weeks and months; the season had come round again, and under the head of fashionable arrivals in the 'Morning Post,' might be read the names of 'Mrs. and the Misses Knightly, at No. —, Piccadilly.'

(To be continued.)

## SONG.

### I.

TELL me you love me; I know it full well,  
Though of truths so delightful one can't be too sure;  
Doubts will arise that a breath may dispel,  
Fears that alone such avowals can cure.  
When were those syllables murmured in vain?  
Tell me you love me again and again.

### II.

Tell me you love me, though often before  
You have told me the tale I now bid you repeat;  
Outpourings like these from the lips we adore  
In their fond iteration grow daily more sweet;  
Why from the tender confession refrain?  
Tell me you love me again and again.

### III.

Tell me you love me, though bent to deceive,  
Such delusion were dearer than every-day truth.  
We in time learn to look on and cherish as sooth.  
Repeat those sweet words, though their fondness you feign,  
And tell me you love me again and again.

### IV.

Tell me you love me; no sceptic am I,  
Who would question the faith of the heart of his choice;  
When did Falsehood look forth from so truthful an eye,  
Or Deception assume less untrustful a voice?  
'Twere treason to doubt thee, so welcome my chain;  
But tell me you love me again and again.

## CUPID, AUCTIONEER!

THE indispensable child and inevitable Young Pickle, out of the mythology—the little heathen person with the wings, which he keeps covered up under his jacket when he goes into the society of stern purists—is depicted in the accompanying illustration in one of his most agreeable exercises. The *carte de visite* of Cupid, Auctioneer! Ordinarily, I believe, he prefers this sort of airy, playful no-dress—which would be positively luxurious if only sanctioned by the decencies, or the canons of a sultry climate. And the good-natured indulgence of society has always tolerated a certain latitude of apparel with respect to this amusing child. He may indulge those little odd notions of his with impunity; which, after all, must be set down to the injudicious training of his beautiful mother (a famous toast); and has the entrée to our drawing-rooms and public places, in that particular costume, which, it is to be suspected, he relishes most,—without remark or rebuke.

I say nothing of the established tricks of this notorious *enfant terrible*—of his putting peas into the hearts of elderly people; of his slyly setting what is behind the left side of their waistcoats on fire; of his discharging tiny arrows from that little pea-shooter of his, and leaving us sore for months after. These we have learnt to bear with so long that no one dreams of protest; especially as it is well known that there is no nurse to take young Master Troublesome to his nursery. But this is only one side of his humours. He is a child of tremendous precocity for his years, and looks shrewdly to business. And he does a very brisk business indeed—being a sort of polite Commission Agent, and elegant but unlicensed auctioneer—a juvenile George Robins, of pronounced heathen tendencies—a sort of undraped little deputy of a celestial Christie and Manson, who have their original sale-rooms up in Olympus. An inimitable miniature auctioneer, ladies and gentlemen! Full of sweet invitations to bid, insinuating tricks, quips, cranks,

wit, repartee, jokes; so that reluctant spectators must perforce bid. But they do not always buy, unhappily. At these crowded sale-rooms where Love is 'Auctioneer and Valuator,' the bidding—fast and frantic as it may have been—does not end always in Sales. Often the lot is—in technical phrase—bought in, often withdrawn.

The refined euphuism of society, and nicely-strung nerves of social life, do not tolerate that coarse and brutal calling of a spade, a spade. Your blunt and truthful nomenclator is properly hustled from the fashionable ring. The inquirer, who innocently begs to be directed to these popular Marts, need not be shocked to be told that there are no fixed times or places. Business is done everywhere, and at all hours; but mainly in the hotbeds and thoroughfares of society. It thrives and flourishes most in a hot wax-light atmosphere.

Nothing can be pleasanter than what may be called the theatricals of life. Most delightful that fairy jumble of lights, music, gymnastics, flowers, tulle, gold and silver net, ice, champagne, galantine, lobster salad, flirting, and white ties, which go to make up a ball. So with that dream of exquisite bonnets and bright days, which form the epic of a flower-show; so with the (incorporate) buckram—the starch, temporarily endued with a languid life and motion—and the solemn baked meats which do so coldly furnish forth the table at state dinners. So with that glorified cell at Covent Garden, somewhat strict and painful to the lower limbs through lack of room, yet a very chamber of enchantment for the seraphic music that floats upwards from the Italian throats below. So with Decomposition Row, where the equipages trundle round and round, and the gallants prance it on their steeds; so with the domestic soirée; so with the file of pianoforte-men, and singing women at one guinea per hour; so with the grand Isthmian Derby games that come, like Christmas, but once a year. All these delights

reluc-  
e bid.  
r, un-  
sale-  
ioneer  
st and  
—does  
Often  
rase—

society,  
social  
ee and  
spade.  
omen-  
in the  
quirer,  
rected  
d not  
re are  
ness is  
ours;  
l tho-  
hrives  
wax-

than  
tricals  
t fairy  
asties,  
r net,  
obster  
which  
h that  
s and  
e epic  
(incor-  
tem-  
id life  
baked  
urnish  
s. So  
Covent  
t pain-  
h lack  
of en-  
music  
Italian  
imposi-  
upages  
nd the  
steeds;  
so with  
d sing-  
hour;  
Derby  
istmas,  
elights









—  
dre  
que  
and  
Pap  
and  
ter  
flow  
wh  
gin  
to ?  
thi  
thi  
ser  
a s  
lou  
T  
the  
lov  
tra  
age  
app  
div  
litt  
dis  
bel  
suf  
ana  
live  
tur  
unc  
pai  
is  
bus  
on  
bal  
lin  
she  
the  
tri  
unc  
sm  
anc  
tha  
anc  
wa  
pro  
bei  
—  
inn  
cor  
qu  
Ho  
ter  
Yo  
As  
to  
Fr  
hu  
nig

— this pantomimic action — this dressing and *rougeing* for the masquerade of social life; this singing and dancing aboard the galley of Paphos, 'with Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;' this scattering of moneys in a *pot pourri* of flowers, lace, ribbons, lobster salad, white ties, and general promiscuous gimcrackery—what does it point to? Ah! there is a deep method in this delightful insanity. In the very thick of the saturnalia there is a serious sober purpose on foot. Call a spade a spade, and let us say out loudly that it is *business*.

To little Harry and Jack, taken to the pantomime at Christmas, the lovely fairy Gloriana (she who transforms the personages by the agency of appropriate rhymes) appears truly celestial, and a sort of divine emanation. How would the little eyes of Master Harry and Jack distend could they be made to believe (for mere telling would not suffice) that the lovely fairy Gloriana, and her heavenly sisters, live lives of the most terrible, agricultural pack-horse drudgery!—that under that varnish of spangles, paint, flowers, and insufficient tulle, is a stern, fierce, undercurrent of business! The lovely Gloriana puts on the spangles and that enchanted baby's frock of tulle for thirty shillings a week. For that paltry sum she is content to quit the society of the Immortals. So with the theatricals of ball-room life. Business underlies that surface too; and we smile and smirk upon one another, and ignore politely that ugly purpose that has brought us to the show, and step upon the flowers as if there was no pitfall underneath. Ah! pretty Miss Magenta, who are now being taken to your first festival, —a rosy *débutante*! Does your little innocence deem all these costly decorations—these lights, flowers, banqueting, and, above all, Madame Hortense's little bills—to be ministering to your pure amusement? You will find what this means later. As your brother Charley was called to the Bar only yesterday, and Frederick recently passed at Sandhurst, so surely have you been this night introduced to *your* profession.

We may be pretty sure grumbling old Paterfamilias would never scatter his guineas so cheerfully in what he calls tomfoolery unless he had some suspicion of this wholesome truth.

So that on the night of Lady Twinpecker's grand rout — when the balcony, taken in by the agency of striped canvas, and illuminated from within seems like a huge lantern; and when the sounds of the cheerful horn and loud bassoon are winding their plaintive valse-measure out into the street—and carriages are setting down their ornamented freight, we who have been standing on the steps or in the hall, watching the show, have, in the early portion of the evening, seen arrive our young friend out of the mythology, dressed in his favourite evening dress. He, too, has come with the rest for business; and a follower, of suitable proportions, carries in on his shoulders, much after the manner of a Punch's show, a kind of portable rostrum which he sets up in a conspicuous position on the waxed floor. His function is as clearly established as that of the loud bassoon or melodious horn. Both are indispensable to the entertainment. The attentive host orders his supper, orders his music, his lights, his flowers, and his little mythological auctioneer.

While loud bassoon and melodious horn wind out their sad waltz, and dancers scurry round tumultuously, we see our child (with the wings) busy at his trade, perched high in a spectral rostrum—taking the bids. Though loud the bassoon, though cheerful the horn, though noisy the patter of many twinkling feet, still the bidders' tones reach him with distinctness—still, which is yet more marvellous, bidders hear *him*, and follow the stroke of his little hammer anxiously. Captain Heavyman, panting through his dervish dance, and much flustered by exertion, still looks towards the amatory auctioneer; and the lovely Miss Bandoline, his partner, whose whole energies would seem absorbed in that lively measure and its attendant exertion, still turns her ear warily from any quarter of the room towards the little winged official, and

listens for the tap of his tiny leprechaun's hammer. And old Lady Hecate Mumbo—shrewd, fashionable, far-seeing witch of society—crouching in her corner while her child is away with Captain Heavyman, takes a silent note of what likely bidders may have entered in the interval. It is all business—good, serious, honest work. Every one puts his or her hand to the fashionable plough, only we are too polite to acknowledge it to one another.

Yet our little mythological Robins

does not always 'effect sales.' Of these brisk business nights, what crowds of active bidders—what soft speeches—hints in the language of flowers and fans—flirtings—and yet, unhappily, how few buyers! Yet in the end they are not wholly unprofitable. It is found to be a law of such sales that a bidder, by dint of frequent and assiduous bidding, grows at last into a buyer; and there comes round a day when a pretty lot is 'knocked down' to him. So business proceeds.

### STANDARDS OF POLITENESS.

**F**EW Englishmen thoroughly know the French language—fewer still, I imagine, thoroughly know the French character. It is a tradition amongst us that the French are very polite and very false.

'They certainly are uncommonly civil,' says the brisk friend with whom I began this colloquy, a good-humoured, 'managing' English matron, who has just returned from a visit to the city on the Seine; 'but I wouldn't give that for their sincerity'—('that' being an unknown quantity).

'I think you are mistaken in both these views, my dear madam. The French are, I honestly believe, exceedingly discourteous, and exceedingly sincere.'

'Oh, of course every one is mistaken now-a-days, about everybody and everything. Richard III., I have been told lately, was a most humane personage. Henry VIII. would never have had six wives had he not been a paragon amongst husbands. Wallace was a monster of cruelty; and, in short, all moral negroes have been whitewashed, and all moral white men painted black. But I have my opinion still,' continues the lady; 'and all I know about French politeness is, to my mind, quite satisfactory. Many a time have I laughed at French people attempting to speak English, with their "Veal you give you ze pain of you sit, madame?" as a shopman said to me, the other day, in a magazine of novelties, a draper's shop, which I was induced

to enter upon the strength of the announcement, "English spoken here," ostentatiously paraded in the windows. Why, I laughed at the man outright—I couldn't help it; adds the speaker, laughing at the remembrance.

'Just so,' I reply.

'Well, sir,' resumes my English friend, 'a Frenchman would never have laughed at my broken French, which is every whit as atrocious.'

'Just so,' I remark again.

'What is the good of your saying "Just so?" You can't contradict me, you know; and I maintain that they are a polite nation. But—as to their friendship—nonsense! Why, I had an introduction to a French countess—Madame de C—— is her name, a Faubourg St. Germain countess—as good as an English countess anywhere. Well, she received me with open arms, kissed me on both cheeks, called me her *bonne Madame B——*, professed herself charmed, enchanted—I can't tell you what—at making my acquaintance; showed me all kinds of civilities and politenesses, got lodgings for me, took me to the Opera,—and at the end of a few weeks, when I was settling down comfortably, and really getting on very pleasantly, notwithstanding my French, and actually thought, for the sake of the girls, you know, that I would winter in Paris, lo and behold, my countess became almost distant and cool, very polite, and all that kind of thing; but when I called on her, she couldn't see me—it was

not her day—*Madame ne reçoit pas aujourd'hui*; and actually, when she returned my visit, as I supposed, by finding her card at my house—I learnt that she had sent it by her footman. I've no patience with such professions!

'Just so,' I say again, with a smile.

Mrs. B— is so indignant with me for saying 'Just so' a third time, that she merely utters an interjection of extreme impatience, and permits me to speak.

'My dear madam,' I begin, 'I fully believe all you say. I am sure you have stated the facts which have come under your knowledge and experience quite correctly; but I think you misunderstand French manners and French usages altogether.' Mrs. B—'s shoulders rise and fall. 'I am very much of opinion, too, that we may not quite understand one another as to what we mean by politeness and sincerity; but I have lived a great deal in France, and mixed very much amongst French people. I have tested their politeness, and found it exceedingly shallow; I have tested their friendship, and found it exceedingly deep.'

'Oh, of course—just so. Pray go on,' remarks my friend, fanning herself.

'Politeness, to be valuable, must be courtesy—a feeling of consideration for others, and of forgetfulness of self. When you talk in broken, fragmentary French to a Frenchman, you are at his mercy, so to speak: his object at once is to show himself gallant, and both to pity and assist you as much as he can. You ask for "pain" at dinner, and you are agreeably told that it is "pain" you mean, and "pain" you get accordingly, with a bow and a respectful smile to boot. You have shown that you don't know French—it is your misfortune, not your fault, *pauvre dame*! Now a Frenchman, and, above all, a Parisian, does not look upon the French language as being one of many, any more than he looks upon Paris as being a city amongst many—it is "*la grand'ville*;" nor upon France as being a nation—it is "*la grande nation*" (with a great many *r's* in *grande*). When he says, *La France, un Français* (immense rou-

lade of *r's*), he means—that—that what he means is obvious, and requires no explanation. Qui dit Paris dit la France, and qui dit la France, dit—well, l'Europe not to say Le monde. French, then, in the eyes of a Frenchman, is the language of the civilized world. For Frenchmen to learn English or German may be an odious obligation; but for English or German people to learn French is clearly a duty, and should be looked upon as a pleasurable privilege. You do not know the French tongue. Then, not only has your education been grossly neglected in this respect, but you are positively uneducated; you are a person to be pitied, not because it puts you to present general inconvenience—for are not the politest people in the world ready to come to your assistance?—but because, *per se*, French is an essential item in education. The Frenchman does not consider his ignorance of your language and your ignorance of his as parallel cases. It may be all very well to know English—*c'est très-curieux l'Anglais*—but to know French is indispensable. He will not consider that you in London would have the same advantage over him which he has over you in Paris. *Ce n'est pas la même chose*. Paris is the city of the universe, and French is its language.

'In the matter of arrogant conceit, no human being, in my opinion, beats a Frenchman, unless perchance a Chinese. Hence a French shopman pities you from behind his counter, and envisages you as he would a barbarian. You are "*une pauvre insulaire*,"—that is, an insular, my dear madam—and an insular and a barbarian are convertible terms, France not being an island. Your Frenchman is thinking more of displaying his knowledge of the French tongue in contrast to your ignorance of the same, than of rendering you a service—that you should ask for "*ganzé*" instead of *des gants*, and for "*dongtelze*" instead of *des dentelles*, is simply monstrous—and you are snubbed accordingly, with a good many bows and smiles, and all that sort of thing, but snubbed nevertheless.

The Frenchman is proud of being such, and of speaking his own vernacular, forgetting that it may be all he knows, and that did he not speak French he would probably be dumb. And I am not sure that he does not consider being a Frenchman, even though he were dumb, preferable to being of any other nation—and speaking. The more you allow your ignorance to be perceived—the more your helplessness and insufficiency are apparent—the more plausible, officious, fussy, and polite is your gentleman behind the counter, your coachman, your valet, your waiter at the hotel, your porter at the railway station. If with merely a pronounced English accent you are yet sufficiently “up” in words and idioms to make yourself well understood without having to throw yourself upon any one’s mercy, you are looked upon with supreme contempt. You are not a Frenchman and yet you do not require any assistance, you actually get along without an interpreter—you speak French like a Spanish cow—“Comme une vache Espagnole, quoi!” and you are not ashamed of yourself to excoriate (*écortcher*) the language without reddening (*sans rougir*)—and then, my dear madam, how they fleece you in those polite French shops, especially when “English is spoken here!” (Mrs. B— admits that things are quite as dear in Paris as they are in London, even when duty and freight have been added to the original price.) ‘In short, agree with them in everything; or, when you do not agree, only let it appear that it is want of taste on your part, that your judgment and your feelings, and your habits and prejudices, being foreign, and English, and insular, are to blame, and you will be instantly flooded with polite attentions.

‘The deity of France has touched your heart; you are made so much of, so caressed, complimented, and fêted, that in a state of utter bewilderment you are fain to escape at any price and to hide your diminished head away from the compassionate, patronizing *égards* and *petits soins* of the politest nation in the world.

‘Politeness, even when purely superficial, is pleasant enough in its way. It greases the wheels of the social machine, macadamizes the high road of society, and prevents a great deal of unnecessary noise. But this sort of politeness must be unmeaning and harmless. It need never be false, because every one should know and feel that the politeness given and received is just politeness and nothing more. You are quite aware that your carriage is well lined and stuffed, well hung, that the wheels are greased, and that the road is level, gravelled, or, peradventure, paved with wood; you know all these accidents to be artificial, and there is no deception and no treachery in them. Let us have as much of that kind of politeness as is absolutely necessary; let it go hand in hand with the oft-repeated asseveration at the bottom of so many letters wherein you sign yourself “the obedient servant” of a person whom you have not the remotest idea of obeying or of serving; and because you the writer and Smith the reader of the epistle know that obedient servant is merely grease, no one is deceived, no one offended, and the train of social life goes on smoothly and without a “sinistre.” But as faggots are of two kinds, “Il y a fagots et fagots,” so is politeness. There is a kind of politeness which is like the smoothest, softest, greenest, velvetiest turf imaginable—and yet harbours a snake beneath—which is not agreeable. French politeness is of this kind more than of any other. The more they hate and dislike and despise you, the more smooth and oily they become; and if, in a moment of simplicity, you presume upon this courtesy to differ from that polished nation about anything, and to do so firmly, you are treading too heavily upon the velvet turf. Up darts the snake and out comes the venom—and a Frenchman who has once thrown off the mask of la *politesse française* is the most thoroughly coarse, vulgar, abusive individual you can conceive. A Frenchman is taught that when he says rude things he must say them politely. An Englishman thinks it

ungen-  
all, an-  
he mu-  
truth-  
dian k-  
an I-  
much-  
ever p-  
ture,  
abusiv-  
from  
charg-  
The I-  
lite, w-  
polish-  
manly  
former-  
ners  
vulgar-  
lips v-  
The f-  
or to  
ter is  
courte-  
manly  
regula-  
though-  
Let a  
man b-  
other  
the f-  
smilin-  
ner—  
hour’s  
Fren-  
has i-  
them  
given  
man  
unim-  
solved  
this,  
forme-  
the l-  
dignit-  
malin-  
cours-  
I am  
Fren-  
polite-  
lish  
upon  
their  
way  
exten-  
which  
being  
who  
with  
carry  
who

ungentlemanly to say rude things at all, and when, if he spoke his mind, he must necessarily say unpalatable truths, if possible he cuts the Gordian knot by saying nothing. Hence an English gentleman, however much he may be angered, and however passionate he may be by nature, is seldom if ever vulgar or abusive—there is nothing he shrinks from more completely than the charge of ungentlemanly conduct. The Frenchman, then, may be polite, which is of the surface—the less polished Englishman will be gentlemanly, which is of the heart. The former strips himself of his manners when provoked, and becomes vulgarly abusive; the latter bites his lips when angered, and is silent. The former is brought up not to act or to speak discourteously; the latter is taught not to indulge in discourteous feelings. The former regulates his words; the latter his thoughts—and the result is obvious. Let a Frenchman and an Englishman be mutually introduced to each other: a looker-on may pronounce the former to be more polite, and smiling, and courteous in his manner—and this may last through an hour's conversation, wherein the Frenchman takes the lead, and has it all his own way. But let them differ thoroughly upon any given topic—and let the Englishman who has yielded all manner of unimportant points be firmly resolved to keep his own opinion on this, and then look at them: the former is violent, vulgar, mean; the latter calm, gentlemanly, and dignified. Of course, my dear madam, I speak generally — of course there are exceptions; and I am sorry to say that while the French pride themselves on their politeness, we often encounter English people who pride themselves upon what they are pleased to call their honest, plain, straightforward way of dealing—to a very alarming extent. This is the kind of thing which in certain slang is called being faithful. These are the people who carry a venomous sting about with them, who own that they do carry it, and are proud of it, and who are ever ready to dart at you on

the slightest provocation, and, indeed, without any provocation at all. They up and speak—they give you a bit of their mind, they attack you and—they are faithful. They call this a duty, and the only bit of falseness about it is when they call it a painful duty, whereas, in point of fact it is a positive pleasure. I remember when, years ago, I had just returned from France, where, as you know, I spent a very large proportion of my boyish and youthful days, I was staying at a house where amongst other guests were two Spaniards, who, like myself, had lived a good deal in Paris. A certain elderly lady, a member of the family whose guests we were, belonged to the class of English spinsters who are traditionally supposed to have been soured by what is called a "disappointment" in early life. Not one of those "angels of the household" whom time touches with a gentle hand—whose sad experience has mellowed life and hallowed its actions, but one of those whose mission—self-imposed—seems to be that of making every one uncomfortable.

'Now, both the young Spaniards and I were, naturally enough, much given to the "*mille petits soins*" which are considered inseparable from the "*bonnes manières d'un jeune homme comme il faut*." But politeness and even common courtesy were things with which Miss Blunt had no sympathy in theory or in practice. She did not care to receive, and never troubled to bestow it. The conversation one evening had turned upon works of *marqueterie* and *papier-mâché*, in which the French excel us greatly. One of the Spaniards volunteered to show us a small box, a perfect little marvel of inlaid work, and as smooth and brilliant as glass. It was passed from hand to hand, and greatly admired and praised by all, save Miss Blunt, who, when it was shown to her, would scarcely look at it, and relieved herself of the following sentiment: "Oh! I dare say it's all very well; but for my part I don't see much in it, and never had any admiration for French polish either in men or boxes." This was said so



loudly—with so much meaning, that there ensued “a horrid pause,” and every one was disconcerted—always excepting Miss Blunt, who worked away at her knitting spitefully. Presently, however, some one observed, “Well, at all events, French politeness is preferable any day to English rudeness;” and then the tables were turned, and every one felt relieved—still excepting Miss Blunt, who presently disappeared, and who was not seen again until the next morning at breakfast. I must confess that even now I cannot recal the scene without a degree of satisfaction at this timely application of the “*lex talionis*.”

‘On some after-occasion I remember asking Miss Blunt, à propos of something or other, if she had been much in France. With a glance intended to be withering, she remarked that she should think not; that she had never been, and that nothing should ever induce her to go. “But you understand the language?” I opined meekly. Miss Blunt did not know, and did not want to know the language; in fact, she admitted that she hated everything foreign in general, France, its language and its people, in particular. Such was Miss Blunt; whenever Miss Blunt was in society, society went wrong, and there was always a creaking wheel under Miss Blunt’s chair, and nothing could induce her to grease that wheel. There are many Misses Blunt in England, and she has male relations. Now there are very few, if any, of the Blunt genus in France, as far as my own personal experience goes. There are French ladies, doubtless, whose horror of England and the English is every whit as great, but they never obtrude their feelings unnecessarily; and when there may be a kind of pretext for saying a rude thing, they do it quietly. They chloroform their victims, as it were, and maim them tenderly. It has been well said, “More flies are caught with treacle than with vinegar.” French fly-traps are usually set with treacle. French politeness is more or less a fly-trap. Now I would fain see our English manners improved by the introduction of various arti-

cles in the French code; and the honest, truthful character of our countrymen dressed and polished, so that its sterling value may be enhanced by a smooth and comely surface. It is a question of rough or polished granite.’

‘Well!’ observes my friend, ‘there may be a great deal of truth in all you have said about French people not being really as polite as they seem; but you undertook to prove that they were not insincere. Now explain away, if you can, the conduct of my French countess.’

‘Just so. The question is simply this: Are the French insincere and deliberately false in their professions of regard and admiration, and in their declarations of *amitié*. I do not say friendship, because a friend, and un ami, friendship and *amitié*—if you weigh the words in the scales, and with the weights of the nations where those words are respectively used, you will find that they are not convertible terms. “Avoir de l’amitié pour quelqu’un,” means little more than “to have a kindly feeling, a sort of liking for a person.” And we surely mean something much deeper than this when we speak of having a friendship for a person. Politeness in France is an art, a science, a study—and is studied, learned, and taught accordingly. Before you accuse people of insincerity in their professions, you should analyze those professions; you should endeavour to ascertain what they are intended to mean. It must be remembered that when young Monsieur de Bon-Ton, and young Mademoiselle de l’Elégance, are initiated into the mysteries of the freemasonry of politeness, they are perfectly aware that Mademoiselle des Belles-Manières over the way, and Monsieur des Petits-soins next door, are going through the very same exercises, so that when they meet and proceed to interchange the outward symbols of profound veneration, admiration, gratification, and delight, together with mellifluous assurances of deep affection, there is practically no deception, for no deception is intended, and no one is deceived. Each thinks the other simply and conventionally polite, and that is all. When Ma-

dame de la Mode wears gigot sleeves and steel hoops, Madame du Follet, who also wears gigot sleeves and steel hoops, does not imagine Madame de la Mode to have been born into the world with arms in the shape of a leg of mutton, nor with a metallic decoration four feet in diameter! Each sees that the other is in the fashion of the day, and neither of the ladies is deceived.

When, therefore, Mrs. Candid (née Blunt, peradventure) visits Paris, surely it is too much to expect that "ces dames" will alter their manners to accommodate English prejudices, say more than to expect (which even the Misses Blunt do not) that the French will alter their fashions to suit English fancies. When Madame la Marquise "De ce-qu'il-y-a-de-plus-distingué" meets one of the Misses Blunt "une jeune Anglaise aux cheveux blonds en tire-bouchons," and declares that she, the marchioness, is ravished to have this pleasure; that she was just thinking of her, and hoping she might have the happiness of meeting her, the marchioness means no more than does Lady Belgravia when she meets a Miss Blunt in the Park, and putting up her eye-glass, says, with supercilious nonchalance, "D'do," and passes on. Fancy this Miss Blunt going home and indulging in a diatribe against the depravity and hollowness of the world, because Lady Belgravia, asking her this morning how she did ("D'do," aforesaid), did not even wait for an answer. The fact is that Madame "De ce-qu'il-y-a-de-plus-distingué" in the Tuileries, and Lady Belgravia in Hyde Park, mean precisely the same thing. They acknowledge Miss Blunt—the

Englishwoman condenses her sentiments on the subject into "D'do," the Frenchwoman uses a periphrasis and makes a speech. "But how," asks my friend, "are we poor Englishwomen to know all this?" You do not know it, and cannot know it but by living long enough amongst the people to find it out by experience. Therefore not knowing their manners and customs, you are wrong in measuring a French phrase by the standard of an English one. No Englishwoman would dream of making the French marchioness's speech unless she meant it; and no Frenchwoman would be content with saying briefly "Bon jour," even to her washerwoman. The French "noblesse" are quite as good and quite as proud as the English nobility, but the French think our aristocracy infinitely more proud; and it would be just as unreasonable in them to accuse Lady Belgravia's "D'do," of being a piece of impertinence, as it is in us to call Madame la Marquise de . . . . a false hypocritical woman. When an English person visits France for the first time, it should be with the unqualified impression that the moral, social, religious, civil, and political manners and customs of the country are as imperfectly understood by English people generally as the French language itself; and one should go to learn and not to judge. That French friendships are as true and as sincere, and as unselfish as our own, I am quite prepared to prove, and should Mrs. B—— and I meet again in "London Society," I hope to do so to her satisfaction.

F. W. B. B.

## THE STORY OF AN OLD ENGLISH MANSION.

## Penshurst (Kent)—The Home of the Sidneys.

## IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE founder of Penshurst, or, at least, the earliest personage of note connected with it, was one Sir Stephen de Pencester, *temp.* Edward I. His mutilated effigy is preserved in the village church. Afterwards, it was in the hands of the Devereuxs—one of whom, Sir John, obtained a license from Richard II. to crenellate and embattle the Place; and from their successors, the De Bohuns, it passed to the great Duke of Bedford, the regent, and to Humphrey, the 'good duke' of Gloucester. It came into the Sidney family in the sixth year of Edward VI.; that monarch having bestowed the mansion and estate upon his faithful councillor, Sir William Sidney, one of the illustrious knights of Flodden Field. His son, Sir Henry, thrice Lord Deputy of Ireland, married Mary, the heiress of that John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, whose ill-regulated ambition resulted in the ruin of himself, his weak son, Lord Guildford, and Lady Jane Grey. Their issue was: the great hero, Sir Philip, of whom I have already spoken—Sir Robert, afterwards Viscount de l'Isle, and Earl of Leicester—and the noble Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, whose praises were epitomized by Ben Jonson in his exquisite epitaph:—

'Underneath this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse—  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
Wise, and fair, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.  
Marble piles let no man raise  
To her name; for after days  
Some kind woman born as she,  
Reading this, like Niobe,  
Shall turn marble, and become  
Both her mourner and her tomb.'

This was the lady of whom Dr. Donne said that 'she could converse well on all subjects, from predestina-

tion to sleeve silk,' and whom Spenser lauded as

'The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day.'

The third Earl of Leicester was the father of the Lady Dorothy whom Waller sung of as Saccharissa, and of Algernon Sidney, whose judicial murder is one of the foulest deeds of the foul reign of Charles II. The seventh and last earl was Jocelyn, on whose decease the Sidney estates became the sport of the most complicated litigations, resulting in the disposal of Penshurst to a Mr. Perry, whose daughter and heiress conveyed it by marriage to Sir Bysshe Shelley. His descendant, the cousin of the poet Shelley, assumed the name of Sidney, and on his marriage with Lady Sophia Fitzclarence, one of the daughters of William IV. by Mrs. Jordan, was elevated to the revived viscountcy of De l'Isle. Their son and heir is the present proprietor, an accomplished nobleman, who has zealously devoted himself to the careful restoration of the house and park from the pitiful decay into which they had fallen during years of shameful neglect. Penshurst and Leigh churches are also indebted to his taste and liberality.

The principal fronts of 'the Place' are the northern and western; but the southern, with its many gables, towers, and buttresses, is eminently picturesque. The private rooms are mainly in the western front, and overlook a pleasant lawn which occupies the site of the ancient 'President's Court,' so called because erected by Sir Henry Sidney, Lord President of the Welsh Marches.

\* She married Henry Herbert, second Earl of Pembroke, and died at her house in Aldersgate Street, Sept. 25, 1621. Their son was the Mr. William Herbert (afterwards third Earl), to whom, as 'Mr. W. H.,' Shakespeare inscribed his *Sonnets*.

These rooms are admirably fitted up, modern comfort having been skilfully combined with a general quaintness of design and mediævalism of character. Their decorations are chiefly borrowed from the family escutcheons.

This west front is of great length, embattled, and two stories in height. In its central division are placed large triple-arched windows, and between the stories armorial shields. The northern portion is somewhat similar in character, but the south end of the façade has smaller mulioned windows, and is of an earlier date. From each end starts out a wing whose towers are very various in dimensions and design, while the entire façade acquires a curious picturesqueness of aspect from its steep roofs, its quaint chimneys, and the tall gable of the banquetting-hall rising above it. The square-sashed windows, of hideous uniformity of design, which Mr. Perry introduced into the ancient walls, are being replaced, throughout the house, with windows of an appropriate antiquity of character. The restoration of the west front is not yet complete.

The southern façade is pictorially irregular, and the court on this side is encircled by stout battlemented walls. Through its old square gate-house you pass out into the ancient Pleasaunce—now shorn of its splendour, and modified into a trim grass lawn—but formerly a blooming and gentle slope which stretched down to the sedgy bank of the rippling Medway.

It is to the northern front, facing the park, that our steps, however, must now be directed. With the exception of the gate-house it has been recently rebuilt, and now exhibits a very noble range of buildings, whose projections and turrets and twisted chimneys break up the roof-line in a bold and original manner, and produce a variety of effects of light and shade singularly attractive to the artist-eye. We enter here by the old gateway-tower, pausing to decipher the inscribed tablet fixed above the entrance—

'The most religious and renowned Prince Edward the Sixth Kinge of England France and Ireland gave

VOL. I.—NO. II.

this house of Pencester with the manors lands and appurtenances ther unto belonging unto his trustye and wel-beloved servant Syr William Sydny Knight Banneret servinge hym from the tyme of his birth unto his coronation in the offices of Chamberlayne and Stuarde of his houshold in commemoration of which most worthe and famous Kinge Sir Henrie Sydny Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter Lord President of the Council established in the Marches of Wales, sonne and heyre of the afore named Syr William caused this tower to be buylded and that most excellent Princes arms to be erected Anno Domini 1585.'

We pass into the first court, the most interesting architectural combination at Penshurst, and after a glance at its variety of outline, enter the banquetting-hall—a lofty, red-roofed, high-gabled building, erected by Sir John Devereux, about 1345 to 1350. The interior, 54 ft. by 40, is one of the finest of its kind in England, and has so true a mediæval air about it, that the spectator, for the nonce, feels transformed into 'an old courtier of the queen's,' and his lips instinctively mutter 'Gramercy,' and 'By my halidame,' while his limbs assume the proportions suitable for hose, doublets, and trunks. In very truth, the hall has a noble, baronial character. At the west end a raised dais—consecrated to the lord and lady of the house, and their noblest guests,—

'And at the feast sitteth he and she,  
With other worthy folk upon the deis,'

(CHAUCER).—

projects about 16 ft. into the room; and in the centre, within an octagonal stone-bound area, stands a massive brand-iron or fire-dog, some 4 ft. 6 in. in width. The outer sides of the two uprights are marked with the double broad arrow of the Sidney escutcheon.

The timbered roof is lofty, open, and of good design; and the tracery of the windows sufficiently curious. The large window is partially concealed by the music gallery, and its rude old wainscot screen. The oaken tables, whereat kings and princes, and lords and poets, have in their time feasted and made merry, are ranged on either side of the hall.

L

Of these, the lord's table, 6 yds. long by 1 yd. wide, is superior in construction to the substantial boards which were wont to 'groan' under the burthen of the retainers' dishes. Numerous suits of armour decorate the walls; the remains of a large and splendid collection which (with a portion of the Sidney papers) long ago found its way, through some mysterious agency, to the galleries of London virtuosos, and the stores of Wardour Street dealers. Here, too, are rusty matchlocks, and mouldering breastplates, and a few tarnished casques—one of which was worn (it is said) by the hero of Zutphen. Alas, for the age of chivalry!

'The good knights are dust,

Their swords are rust,

Their souls are with the saints, I trust.'

COLERIDGE.

From each side of the dais ascends a flight of two stairs—one to the old apartments, the other to the balcony whence the lord of the hall could look down upon the revellers below, and check them if they waxed too boisterous. A door on the right hand leads to the arched and vaulted cellar, a building apparently of the twelfth century; while through the screen are gained the entrances to the kitchen and buttery, and the passage which connects the first and second (or inner) courts.

Ascending the two stairs left of the dais we pass into the main suite of apartments, six in number, viz.: the ball-room, the pages' room, Queen Elizabeth's room, the tapestry-room, the picture-closet, and the gallery. All these chambers are undergoing a thorough restoration, and I found them, on a recent visit, in 'most admired disorder.' They are spacious and well proportioned, but very plain and unadorned in character. Not so much interesting in themselves as in the treasures of which they are the usual receptacles. But of these treasures I must, alas! be content to discourse in very desultory fashion, and, my limits compel it, with the utmost possible brevity. Many of the paintings having suffered from damp and neglect are, at present, in London, undergoing a careful reparation, and it is impossible to indicate to my readers the

arrangement they may hereafter assume. It must, then, be understood that I speak of them in the order in which they were formerly disposed.

The ball-room retains much of the furniture and fittings with which it was decorated on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Penshurst and its then lord, Sir Henry Sidney. Its two curious glass chandeliers, surmounted with the crown royal, are reputed to have been the queen's gift to her host, and the first made in England. The portraits here are of little merit; but there are two good sketches of Lord and Lady Fitzclarence (William IV.'s children by Mrs. Jordan); four frescoes, somewhat faint in colour, but luxuriating in bold nudity of figure, by Vanderbrecht—*The Triumph of Cupid, Europa and the Bull, Cupid trying his Bow, and Venus rising from the Sea*; columns of giallo and verde-antique; ancient cinerary urns; old tables of marble mosaic, and curiously inlaid cabinets, mostly brought from Italy by the late Mr. Perry. The attendant also points out to you a rude, rough picture as the handiwork of no less significant a personage than Queen Elizabeth's (and sweet Amy Robsart's) Earl of Leicester.

In the pages' room are 'really four very great curiosities,' writes Horace Walpole,\* 'I believe as old portraits as any extant in England. They are, Fitzallen, Archbishop of Canterbury; Humphrey Stafford, first Duke of Buckingham; T. Wentworth, and John Foxe; all four with the dates of their commissions as constables of Queenborough Castle, from whence I suppose they were brought. The last is actually receiving his investiture from Edward III.; and Wentworth is in the dress of Richard III.'s time. They are really not very ill done. There are six more, only heads; and we have found, since we came home, that Penshurst belonged for a time to that [the first] Duke of Buckingham.' Here, too, is a head, by Holbein, of John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, executed on Tower Hill in 1545; a portrait of Nell

\* Horace Walpole's Letters. To Mr. Bentley, August 5, 1752.

Gwynne's son, the young Charles Beauclerk, Duke of St. Albans—a lad about eleven years old, in a fine murrey-coloured doublet and trunks, his knees and shoes very gay with rosettes. The duke was born in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1670, and died in 1726. Macky says of him: 'He is a gentleman every way *de bon naturel*, well-bred, doth not love business; is well-affected to the constitution of his country [which he might reasonably be, considering all it had done for him]. He is of a black complexion, not so tall as the Duke of Northumberland [Charles's son by the famous Lady Castlemaine], yet very like King Charles.' There are also portraits, few of any artistic merit, of the fair and frail Louise de Querouailles, whom Charles II. created Duchess of Portsmouth; Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland; Old Parr, who lived to the age of 152; and the learned pundit, Duns Scotus. A relic of some interest is the bridle of the handsome George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham of that family, and the victim of Felton's knife.

Queen Elizabeth's Room is said to have been furnished by that most haughty of royal virgins, on her visit to Sir Henry Sidney, and its chairs and couches are decked with richly embroidered, but somewhat faded, yellow and crimson damask, supposed to have been wrought by the skilful needles of the queen herself, and her bevy of court ladies. The chairs are tall and capacious, and the draperies imposingly venerable. The portraits here are of special interest. First, we note that of Sir Philip Sidney, taken when he was about twenty-three, and representing him reading, with his staff of office in his hand and his armour near him. He wears a laced doublet of crimson; a ruff and mantle of scarlet velvet depending from his shoulder. The forehead is grave and lofty; the eyes beam with earnest intelligence; both the hair and complexion have a touch of warm colouring—not red, perhaps, but approaching to red—a tint which is observable in many of the Sidney portraits. Altogether, he looks a well-knit personable man, distinguished by a marked air

of intellectual superiority. His beloved sister, Mary Countess of Pembroke (an original by Mark Gerrard, engraved in Lodge's Collection), is celebrated by Spenser, as

'Urania, sister unto Astrophel,  
In whose brave mind as in a golden coffer  
All heavenly gifts and riches lock'd are,  
More rich than pearls of Ind, or gold of Ophir,  
And in her sex most wonderful and rare.'

Algernon Sidney, born in 1617, was the son of Sir Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester. He is here shown standing by a column, and leaning on a folio, which is significantly labelled 'Libertas.' He wears an embroidered buff coat, and a cuirass of steel. From the accessories—a view of the Tower, and the headsman's axe—we may conjecture that the picture was finished soon after the hero's death. His face has a look of singular sternness and resolution; the lips are firm and decided; the brow is eminently intellectual. Still there is the indication of that impetuosity of temper which would fain accomplish its object at one sudden leap; and gazing upon this grave and moody face, you can understand how the lofty-minded patriot, in his anxiety to rid England of a profligate king and licentious court, could stoop to accept a bribe of French gold. Well, too, may you understand how such a man could breathe, in the face of death, this noble adjuration: 'Lord, defend thine own cause, and defend those who defend it! Stir up such as are faint; direct those that are willing; confirm those that waver; give wisdom and integrity to all; order all things so as may most redound to thine own glory! Grant that I may die glorifying thee for all thy mercies, and that at the last Thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a witness of thy truth, and even by the confession of my opposers for that Old Cause, in which I was from my youth engaged, and for which thou hast often and wonderfully declared thyself.'

There is a good portrait of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, date 1632, by Vandyck, and another, date 1618, by Mark Gerrard, of Queen Elizabeth's earl. Another noteworthy Vandyck, is Henry Rich, Earl of



Holland; and the visitor should also remark the curious family tableau (date 1596) of Barbara Gamage, Countess of Leicester, and her six children, all in the fullest and stiffest Elizabethan costume. Observe George III. and Queen Charlotte, by Gainsborough; and the admirable Vandyck—Philip, Lord Lisle, as a boy with a hunting-pole on his shoulder, and a dog at his feet, pressing through a leafy copse, where his gaze is suddenly attracted by some object in the neighbouring trees. The countenance sparkles with light and life, and the figure seems full of youthful elasticity. A Sleeping Venus, by Titian; a Charity, by Guido; and various family portraits are among the remaining decorations of this noble apartment.

Passing into the Tapestry Room—so called from its sumptuous Gobelin hangings—we first pause before the fine countenance of Sir Philip Sidney's mother, Lady Mary Dudley. A strange contrast to this chaste and high-born dame is afforded by the meretricious charms of Nell Gwynne, depicted with more than the painter's usual warmth of colouring, and assuredly suggesting the idea of—

'a beauty of Sir Peter Lely,

Whose drapery hints we may admire her freely.'

Of much interest are the portrait-pictures of two remarkable sisters, Lady Dorothy Percy, Countess of Leicester, and Lady Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, the daughters of the Duke of Northumberland. It is the glory of the former that she was the mother of Algernon Sidney, who probably derived from her his unquailing resolution and impetuous temper. Of the latter it is enough to say that she inspired the muse of Edmund Waller, Sir Wm. Davenant, Thomas Carew, Voiture, and Sir John Suckling. Carew writes of her with glowing fancies. 'Didst thou not,' he addresses his friend and brother poet—

'Didst thou not find the place inspired?  
And flowers, as if they had desired  
No other sun, start from their beds,  
And for a sight steal out their heads?  
Hearst thou not music when she talked?  
And didst thou not find that as she walked  
She threw rare perfumes all about?'

Waller's felicitous couplet on the fair lady's bedchamber is generally known—

'They taste of death that do at heaven arrive,  
But we this paradise approach alive.'

Bishop Warburton styled her the 'Erinny's of her time;' and she is said to have enslaved, by the charm of her person and the fascination of her address, both the haughty Strafford and the puritan Pym, to the latter of whom she revealed Charles I.'s design upon the liberty of the Five Members. She died in 1660, and was buried at Petworth.

The spectator will remark—Edward VI., by Holbein; a fine Female Head by Giorgione (?); and a Sea Piece, by Tennant. The card-table in the centre of the room is adorned with a piece of embroidery worked it is (said) by Queen Elizabeth.

In the Picture Closet is Titian's Mistress, by himself; a Madonna, by Guido; a Head of a Saint, by Giorgione; and other pictures of various degrees of merit.

To the contents of the Gallery the visitor will find himself constrained to devote considerable attention. There is a remarkably interesting picture of Sir Philip Sidney and his brother Robert, presenting them as two lads of sixteen and thirteen, standing arm-in-arm, and dressed in French grey doublets, laced collars, crimson satin hose, and thin shoes adorned with pink rosettes. Observe, too, the portrait of Lady Mary Dudley, the mother of these two brothers; the fair but 'soulless' face of Lady Dorothy Sidney, Waller's 'Saccharissa,' whose charms, as painted by Vandyck, are hardly such as the poet's enthusiasm would have us imagine them; the same immortal beauty, by Hoskins, taken after her marriage with the Earl of Sunderland; and Sir William Sidney, upon whom Penshurst was bestowed by Edward VI., by Lucas de Heere. Not unworthy of notice is a fine Wouvermanns, one of his favourite subjects—a Halt of Cavaliers—full of grace, spirit, and vigorous drawing; a Madonna and Christ, by Simone Memmi, circa 1330-40; an admirable copy of a fine Raffaele, the

Virgin  
N. Po

'w

t

James

by V

Rube

of a

Of th

to be

traits

We

the t

Sidne

ever,

prese

Hous

Castl

Earl

two v

of the

ilant

was i

tiful

oppo

hall,

fram

scrip

(Sid

hurs

erect

Prin

Duk

child

confi

ess

creat

siden

Parl

year

broo

W

Pen

and,

it is

noti

nee

assu

inco

Sidn

man

Sir

ram

'the

low

hav

and

sym

the



Virgin, Child Jesus, and St. John;  
N. Poussin, the Bacchanals,

'With faces all a-flame in the merry vintage  
time.'

James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, by Vandyck, and a Procession, by Rubens, very rich in colouring and of a certain luxurious splendour. Of the other paintings, many appear to be copies, but a few of the portraits are interesting.

We have not yet exhausted all the treasures of Penshurst. The Sidney MSS. (many of which, however, have been published) are here preserved; a curious 'Inventorie of Household Furniture at Kenilworth Castle,' belonging to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and dated 1583; and two vols. of the 'Household Book' of the Sidneys, whose contents abundantly prove that at Penshurst was steadily maintained a very bountiful hospitality. In the Inner Court, opposite the door of the banqueting-hall, hangs a large bell on a rude frame of wood. It bears the inscription, in raised letters, 'Robert (Sidney), Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst, 1649.' It was, therefore, erected about the time that the Princess Elizabeth and the young Duke of Gloucester—the hapless children of Charles I.—were here confined in the custody of the Countess of Leicester. That noble lady treated them with a degree of considerate attention displeasing to the Parliament, and in the following year they were removed to Carisbrooke Castle.

We have dwelt so much upon Penshurst Place and the Sidneys—and, indeed, the theme is one which it is difficult to exhaust—that our notice of Penshurst Church must necessarily be of the briefest. But, assuredly, our pilgrimage would be incomplete without it. There the Sidneys worshipped, and there lie many of them interred. Often while Sir Philip dreamed of Arcady, and rambled in the beechen shadows of 'the groves of Penshurst,' the mellow chimes of the church bells must have stirred the music of his soul, and awakened the purest and noblest sympathies of his heart; and still the strain floats across the old Plea-

saunce and glides adown the stream of the gentle Medway, as in the grave youth of the patriot Algernon. Penshurst Church is a fine old pile, which has recently been restored. It comprises chancel and nave, north and south aisles, north and south chapels, and tower. The general character of its architecture is Early English, but some portions are of a later and coarser style. The Sidney (or south chapel) has a fine roof, blazoned with gold and colours, and among its interesting memorials is a beautiful figure of the late Lady De L'Isle, by Theod. The brasses commemorate the two wives of Walter Draynocott, and their seven children, *circa* 1507; Pancole Iden, d. 1564; and Margaret Sidney, the sister of Sir Philip, who died while yet an infant, in 1558. A small brass cross is inscribed to Thomas Bullayen, the brother of Anne Boleyn. Two curious and very old coffin lids of stone—one with a floriated Greek, and the other with a floriated Latin, cross, are let into the inner walls of the tower (which is now thrown open to the body of the church). The effigy of Sir Stephen de Pencester, of the time of Edward I., is much mutilated. Among the Sidney memorials are those of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, d. 1702, and his Countess Elizabeth, d. 1709; Sir William Sidney; and Sir Philip Sidney, the fifth Earl. A brass on the altar steps commemorates the 'Rev. John Bret, God's painfull minister,' and a brass tablet, surmounted by a richly decorated arch, is dedicated to a modern hero—the late Lord Hardinge, who died on the 23rd September, 1856. The Hardinge and De L'Isle pews face one another, from opposite sides of the chancel. South Park the seat of the Hardinges, is about half a mile south of Penshurst.

On quitting the wall-kept churchyard, the pilgrim will descend into the village by way of a narrow passage, through a singular old timbered house which would seem to have been coeval with Queen Elizabeth. Remark the quaintly lettered inscription above the archway: 'My Flesh is in Hope.' The village lies on the main road from Eden-

bridge to Tanbridge, and contains some noticeable houses. All around and about it spreads pleasant scenery of the true Kentish flavour.

With yet one other association of interest to the man of letters, I take my leave of this 'sequestered nook.'

From 1633 to 1643, the rectory was held by the 'learned and pious divine,' Dr. Henry Hammond, who during that decade resided in the rectory house. The doctor's sister married Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and therefore it came to pass that the doctor's nephew, William Temple, was educated in the quiet parsonage of Penshurst. Familiar to our ears is Sir William Temple's name as that of Swift's patron, an experienced diplomatist, a statesman of clear judg-

ment and liberal views, and an essayist of remarkable elegance. 'Dr. Hammond,' says Lord Macaulay, 'took the side of the king with very conspicuous zeal during the Civil War, and was deprived of his preferment in the church 'after the victory of the Parliament.' Another of the doctor's nephews, Colonel Robert Hammond, was as zealous a Roundhead as his uncle was an earnest loyalist, and held the captaincy of Carisbrooke Castle during King Charles's imprisonment therein.

And this is the Story of an Old English Mansion and 'its belongings,' as recited in simple fashion by an unlettered chronicler. *Plaudite et valete, O carissimi lectores!*

W. H. D. A.

## THE LITERATURE OF THE BLESSED ISLES.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

An interval of more than eighteen centuries separates the era of the 'Republic' and the 'Cyropaedia' from the age in which appeared the work which may almost be regarded as eponymous of our series—an interval for which we do not seek to account by a review of even the most sketchy character. Rather like philosophized Rip Van Winkles—upon whom during the trance of ages has fallen no inspiration, save that of the *nil admirari*—we accept without cavil the world to whose changed, sixteenth-century conditions we are bound, on waking, in some outward and practical manner to conform. Any dissatisfaction we may feel with the state of affairs in the Old World, we may indulge in a theoretical refuge offered to us by Sir Thomas More in a more perfect Utopia, which is an insular appanage of the New. The dimensions and physical description of this island; the size, defences, and topographical relations of its capital; the course, affluents, and tidal phenomena of its principal river; the identity of its position, as regards the American, with that of our own country as

regards the European continent, sufficiently indicate the fact that Utopia is England in beatific masquerade.

Sir Thomas was the son of Sir John More, and born in 1480. As a youth of prodigious promise he was received into the family of Cardinal Morton, where he remained until he was of age to proceed to Oxford. Studying law, he soon made a figure in his profession, and, by favour of Henry VIII., was raised to the chancellorship, *vice* Wolsey, disgraced. He closed his life upon the scaffold, in 1535, as a martyr for the supremacy of the pope.

More feigns that whilst at Antwerp he had met with a philosophic traveller, named Raphael Hythlodæus, a Portuguese, who in his time had sojourned in England, and been entertained by Cardinal Morton, to whose perfect character and genius he pays a fitting tribute. Raphael complains that the England of his visit was impoverished by wholesale evictions of labourers in husbandry to make room for sheep; that large numbers of idle retainers were kept by the nobles, to the detriment of

ay-  
Dr.  
lay,  
very  
Civil  
pre-  
the  
ther  
onel  
us a  
ear-  
incy  
King

Old  
ong-  
n by  
udite

A.

ment,  
that  
mas-

f Sir  
As a  
was  
dinal  
til he  
ford.  
figure  
ur of  
the  
die-  
n the  
r the

Ant-  
pphic  
thlo-  
time  
been  
on, to  
enius  
phael  
of his  
lesale  
andry  
large  
kept  
nt of



THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
JANUARY 1900  
The President's Office, Washington, D. C., January 1900.





### ASH-WEDNESDAY.

How sweet, in that dark hour, is this  
the "memento mori" of the grave.

On the minister's repeated heart  
The "memento mori" of the grave.

the  
—c  
ran  
cha  
won  
a st  
the  
crea  
does  
and  
cer  
of i  
dea  
chis  
pos  
the  
mis  
we  
two  
out  
the  
pas  
tity  
by  
to v  
guin  
a th  
nan  
abo  
labo  
O  
pro  
the  
whi  
pan  
voy  
hap  
ial  
fifty  
and  
gar  
layi  
den  
acq  
leg

\*  
mor  
coul  
fami  
was  
tens  
whe  
wer  
deca  
deca  
the  
this  
and  
the  
Ba  
Her

the nation; that the class of thieves—constantly recruited from the peasants who *could* not, and the discharged serving-men who *would* not work—in spite of gibbets, from which a string of twenty often swung in the wind, was on an alarming increase. Raphael contends that theft does not deserve capital punishment, and that government ought to concern itself for the moral education of its subjects rather than for their death. He revolts from the hideous chiaroscuro resulting from the juxtaposition of the pampered luxury of the noble, and the gaunt, greedy misery of the clown.\* It is thus that we understand how it is that the two chief objects of More throughout the Utopia are to demonstrate the precedence of agriculture over pasturage, and to establish the sanctity of human life hitherto outraged by an indiscriminating code, which to unequal crimes adjudged a sanguinary equality of punishment. If a third co-ordinate object were to be named, it would be the bringing about of a more equitable division of labour amongst all ranks.

Our mythic friend Hythlodæus proceeds to exhibit to the author the institutions of a happier state which he had visited whilst accompanying Amerigo Vespucci on a voyage to the New World. This happier state is the crescent-shaped island of Utopia, which contains fifty-four cities of equal importance, and of so great similarity with regard to size, general plan, and the laying out of their houses and gardens, that to know one is\* to be acquainted with all. Amaurot, the legislative capital, is built upon both

sides of the river Anider, and is about sixty miles distant from the sea. All over the island are distributed commodious houses for husbandmen, and well fitted with every necessary of agricultural labour. A country family consists of not fewer than forty persons, besides two slaves; a master and mistress superintend the affairs of the family, and over thirty families a magistrate presides. There is a constant rotation of town and country life. Every year twenty members of a family return to their town, after a sojourn of two years in the country, and to supply their places twenty others from the town enter upon a course of rustication. Every man, woman, and child is thus exercised in agriculture, a knowledge of which seems to be to Utopian society what consciousness is to the mental faculties generally. Whatever other trade may be followed—and every handicraft is held in esteem—is a matter of accident or of taste; but some knowledge of agriculture and a proportional experience of it practically is compulsory on every member of the community. When the country people want anything they fetch it from their town without offering any price or compensation, and it is the duty of the magistrates to see that their wants are supplied on these liberal terms. In Amaurot and the other towns, which are beautified by many and well-ordered gardens, the inhabitants observe an analogous rotation of houses, which they shift by lot every ten years. The archives of the capital go back for seventeen hundred and sixty years, and reach to a time when the houses were mere huts, thatched with straw and walled with mud. Now they are structures of three stories, covered with flat roofs, and having windows commodiously glazed with oiled linen, which, although perfectly translucent, are yet impervious to the atmosphere.

The magistrate who presides over the affairs of each group of thirty families, and who is by them elected annually to that office, was anciently called a *Symphogrant*, but is now entitled a philarch. Over every ten

\* 'Enclosures at that time began to be more frequent, whereby arable land, which could not be manured without people and families, was turned into pasture, which was easily rid by a few herdsmen; and tenancies for years, lives, and at will, whereupon much of the yeomanry lived, were turned into demesnes. This bred a decay of people, and, by consequence, a decay of towns, churches, tithes, and the like. There ensued withal, upon this, a decay and diminution of subsidies and taxes; for the more gentlemen, ever the lower books of subsidies.'—LORD BACON'S *History of the Reign of King Henry VII.*



syphogrants and their jurisdiction is placed an archphilarch, who was formerly called a *Tranibore*. The election of the prince rests with the syphogrants, who are two hundred in number; the people enjoying a franchise which consists in the nomination of four persons—not *candidates*—from whom the prince is eligible. Votes are given secretly, and an oath is exacted from each voter in attestation of his honesty in the exercise of his electoral privileges. The *Tranibores* meet every third day to consult with the prince, and two syphogrants are always present in the council-chamber, being called in by twos according to rotation. (The reader will observe the extreme jealousy with which More, by his ever-recurring rotations, guards against the possibility of any one living, *i. e.*, abiding anywhere, or of thoroughly knowing anything about anything.)

The Utopians work, with intervals for meals and recreation, for six hours a day. None are allowed to be idle, except the syphogrants, and even these virtuous censors, whose duty it is to see that other men are industrious, forego their immunity that they may offer an example of self-imposed manual labour. Within their own country, and between themselves, traffic is rendered impossible and unnecessary by an absolute community of goods. They seek customers abroad, however, for the surplus of their produce, and devoting a seventh part of the price to the poor of the country in which they find a sale, they bring home the remainder, and store it in a general treasury. This fund is useful only as a precaution and reserve against the breaking out of war, in which event they buy with the money the services of mercenaries; for although prodigiously brave, they hate the spilling of blood, and are especially tender of that of their brethren and fellow-citizens. Every house is a home to the traveller, who, a gleeful *emtus viator*, burdens himself with no gold or silver. Diamonds and precious stones are held in light estimation by the people of Utopia; and when they do condescend to pick up any of the

jewels which their beach and their hills afford, it is that they may be promoted to become nursery playthings or ornaments for children. Throughout the island, dress is uniform, suffering no variation from caprice or fashion: only so much diversity is observed as suffices to indicate the sex, and the married or single condition of the wearer. The learning of the Utopians is all in their own tongue. By the shipwreck of a mixed crew of Romans and Egyptians, twelve hundred years before the visit of Raphael, they had become acquainted with elegant literature and with many valuable arts. Improving upon instructions then received, their culture of every kind, in art, science, and philosophy, is at the present time equal to that of any nation of the ancient or the modern world.

There are few laws, and no lawyers. If a man *seek* for office he is sure not to compass it. The Utopians take extraordinary precautions to insure congruity in marriage; they forbid polygamy, and so dis-favour divorce that the separation of married persons is extremely exceptional. Their slaves are captives taken in war. They delight in the pleasantries of fools and jesters. Believing that God is a benevolent being, and first qualifying the virtuous, the good, and the reasonable as the only pleasurable, in the original, uncorrupted sense of Epicurus, they seek after pleasure. They detest war, and are much more ready to have recourse to the sword in behalf of their friends than on their own account. Skill, stratagem, and everything that is calculated to diminish their sanguinary character, is prized in military operations. In war time, the priests publicly pray for the smallest possible effusion of blood; and, purely with the same benevolent purpose, the Utopians offer rewards for the assassination of the princes of the country with whom they are at strife; and further, in every possible manner endeavour to sow distrust and suspicion of each other amongst their enemies. Notwithstanding that they make a principle of *corrupting* their foes, they are rigid respecters of

truces; and when war is over, they make their conquered enemies, and not their own succoured allies, to bear the expenses. Their mercenaries are a wild hardy race of mountaineers, called Zapolets. In the same spirit of reducing human suffering to a *minimum*, which we see investing life with a peculiar sanctity, the Utopians allow a man to commit suicide in the case of an illness that promises to be of long and painful duration, and the recovery from which is hopeless. Before proceeding to this somewhat extreme step, it is necessary to procure the advice and permission of the priests.

Dogmatic religion is different in different parts of the island. Some worship the sun, some any other of the host of heaven, and some pay divine honours to heroes and great men; yet the greater and wiser part adore one eternal, invisible, infinite, and incomprehensible Deity. But all agree in this—that one Supreme Being made and governs the world, whom they call, in the language of their country, *Mithras*. The completest toleration is allowed, an exception being made to the disadvantage of those persons who so insult and degrade their own nature as to deny the immortality of the soul. The temples are magnificent, nobly built, and spacious; the priests are clad in gorgeous, parti-coloured vestments; and all the people, whatever their private differences of creed, can conscientiously attend the same service and join in the same public liturgy. At worship, they thank God for having bestowed upon them the best government in the world, and ask, if there be a better, that it may be revealed to them.

Although the foregoing outline be necessarily hard, the 'Utopia' itself was a work so fresh and graphic, and its descriptions so informed with life-like detail and reality, that many contemporaries of Sir Thomas More, much to his chuckling delight, mistook it for veritable and sober truth. The success of the author was even greater than that of Swift, who, by some inadvertencies, raised a suspicion in the mind of an Irish prelate

that Gulliver had narrated some things barely within the range of credibility. Several learned men and pious divines, as Budæus, and Johannes Paludanus, in the spirit of the punning and apostolic Gregory, '*non Utopi, sed angeli*,' &c., earnestly longed for the evangelization of the interesting island. And others wished to obtain the authority of the pope to establish there a mission and episcopate for the propagation of the Christian faith.

We have noticed Plato's grandly impossible republic; we have seen Xenophon's 'Cyropædia' essaying to compose a tableau, the foremost figure of which assumed to be historic, and the others to be living in conditions that had a basis in existing institutions; and lastly, we have discussed More's Utopia, which in great part is satirical of contemporaneous abuses. In so doing, we have exhausted the types, included the first rise and the culmination of this class of literature: our remaining notices can afford to be, and ought to be, less extended. The father of the inductive philosophy has left us a fragmentary work, called the 'New Atlantis,' which resembles in some features of interest both the Republic of Plato, and the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. Like Plato, Bacon makes science and philosophy, and the culture of these, the conditions of government and state existence. Like More, who took the hint from the late romantic discovery of a New World to give his state a local habitation and a name, Lord Bacon ventured upon the luster of maritime adventure in his day to fix his New Atlantis in 'the midst of the greatest wilderness of waters in the world,' in the far, fair solitudes of the deep-bosomed Pacific. 'This fable,' says Dr. William Rawley, friend of Lord Bacon, and editor of his works, 'my lord devised, to the end that he might exhibit therein a model or description of a college, instituted for the interpreting of nature, and the producing of great and marvellous works for the benefit of man, under the name of Solomon's House, or the College of the six-days' works. And even so far his

lordship hath proceeded as to finish that part. Certainly the model is more vast and high than can possibly be imitated in all things, notwithstanding most things therein are within men's power to effect. His lordship thought also in this present fable to have composed a frame of laws, or of the best state or model of a commonwealth; but foreseeing that it would be a long work, his desire of collecting the natural history diverted him, which he preferred many degrees before it.'

This Solomon's House is a university which in its ramifications embraces state and people. Here society is based as upon Plato's unhopeful aspiration. The rulers are philosophers. 'God bless thee, my son,' is the greeting of the father of Solomon's House to the narrator; 'I will give thee the greatest jewel I have, for I will impart to thee, for the love of God and men, a relation of the true state of Solomon's House. Son, to make you know the true state of Solomon's House, I will keep this order: first, I will set forth unto you the end of our foundation; secondly, the preparations and instruments we have for our works; thirdly, the several employments and functions whereto our fellows are assigned; and lastly, the ordinances and rites which we observe. *The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes and secret notions of things, and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible.*' Golden words these, and of unsurpassed nobleness as watchwords for liberal investigators of nature. The fellows of the college are employed severally—and those familiar with Lord Bacon's felicitous quaintness will recognize smilingly his present suggestive piquancy—as travelling fellows, called merchants of light; as depredators; mystery men; pioneers or miners; compilers; downy men or benefactors; lumps; inoculators, and interpreters of nature. A quiet, yet sportive dignity informs the incidents with which the author introduces and prosecutes his narrative.

The medical, the legal, the classical, and other professional learning of Shakespeare have been estimated.

We have the honour, rare in these days, of introducing our gentle Will in a new character. In the *Tempest* he has incidentally left us a sketch of an Utopia, the happiness of which would rival that of the golden age. When Alonso, King of Naples, is wrecked upon the island of Prospero, and refuses to listen to comfort for the loss of his son Ferdinand, who has, however, been saved apart from his father and suite, the good and noble Gonzalo thus endeavours, by an enforced playfulness, to wile the king from his sorrow—

'Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,  
And were the king of it, what would I do?  
I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
And use of service none; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
No occupation; all men idle, all;  
And women too; but innocent and pure:  
No sovereignty:—  
All things in common, nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.  
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,  
To excel the golden age.'

And presently Gonzalo proceeds to dismiss the conceit with a guffaw that must be anything but reassuring to professed constitution-mongers.

During a series of years of national unsettlement, which may with sufficient exactness for our purpose be accounted as measurable by the lifetime of Algernon Sidney (1617-83), the pens of many men, and the thoughts of more, were busy in devising political panaceas; every possible kind of institution was put on speculative trial. James Harrington, the scion of a noble stock, fruitful in dignified and titled branches, was born in 1611. Whilst residing at the Hague, and subsequently at Venice, he imbibed or fostered republican predilections. In 1656 he published his '*Oceana*,' and, by courtier-like management, procured through Mrs. Claypole, the dedication of his work to the Protector, her father—and this, not-

withstanding that he showed a commonwealth to be a government of laws and not of the sword, and so detected 'the violent administration of the Protector by his bashaws, intendants, or majors-general.' For him the great discovery is arrogated 'that empire follows the balance of property, whether lodged in one or in a few, or in many hands.' He was of opinion that in a well-constituted commonwealth, there could be no distinction of parties; that the passage to preferment should be open to merit in all persons; and that no honest man could be uneasy.

Although a republican, he seems to have held strongly the notion that 'blood will tell.' 'There is something,' he says, 'first in the making of a commonwealth, then in the governing of it, and last of all in the leading of its armies, which (though there be great divines, great lawyers, great men in all professions) seems to be peculiar only to the genius of a gentleman; for it is plain in the universal series of story, that if any man founded a commonwealth, he was first a gentleman.' He was no leveller; 'An army may as well consist of soldiers without officers, or of officers without soldiers, as a commonwealth (especially such an one as is capable of greatness) consist of a people without a gentry, or of a gentry without a people.' 'Oceana' is a name under which he intends to represent England, as being the noblest island of the Northern Ocean. Using allegorical names, he learnedly reviews all preceding codes and lawgivers; and gives a comparative survey of all governments. Hume, who pronounces 'Oceana,' although it be the model of a perfect republic, the most rational of all similar productions, further observes that 'it was well adapted to that age, when the plans of imaginary republics were the daily subjects of debate and conversation; and even in our time, it is justly admired as a work of genius and invention.' Now and here it is unsuspceptible of condensation or analysis. This is the less unfortunate on account of its very feasibility, which, in spite of its

form, brings its author nearer to the position of the men of treatises, as Aristotle, Machiavelli, and Hobbes. It was intended as a representation of a *bonâ-fide* plan of government, to be ready in case of the nation resolving itself into a genuine commonwealth.

In proportion to its potentiality of immediate and practical application, the 'Oceana' fades and drifts away beyond our limits. We dismiss it, therefore, with the observation that it was against the 'Heathenish Commonwealth' of Harrington, that Richard Baxter published his 'Holy Commonwealth,' intended to assert the superiority of a monarchy over either an aristocracy or a democracy.

There are many works that hover about the confines and marches of our subject, but which owe a more definite allegiance to the powers of political romance. Of these Barclay's 'Argenis' may be mentioned, the incidents of which have an allusion to the transactions which took place in France during the war of the League. In its political disquisitions, which recur at intervals, as a kind of impersonal episode, Barclay fortifies the cause of monarchy and absolutism. Argenis is represented as the daughter and heiress of Meleander, King of Sicily, and the romance chiefly consists of the war carried on to obtain her hand, by two rivals—Lycogenes, a rebellious subject of Meleander's, and Poliarachus, Prince of Gaul.

His book, severally for its politics and its story, met with an almost unbounded favour. For the former, it was promoted into a text-book of the astute Cardinal Richelieu, to whom it is said to have suggested many of his political expedients. For its literary ability it enjoyed the honour of translation into many languages, and of publication in most of the distinguished foreign presses of the day. The poet Cowper recommends it as 'interesting in a high degree—richer in incident than can be imagined—full of surprises which the reader never forestalls, and yet free from all entanglement and confusion.'

Of this class of fiction, two works

more formally followed the 'Cypædia,' the great patriarch of political romance: 'Les Voyages de Cyrus,' and 'Le Repos de Cyrus,' both of which are conversant about that interval between the sixteenth and fortieth years of the life of Cyrus, of which Xenophon does not give any narration. The former is by the Chevalier Ramsay, the friend of Fénelon, and tutor to the sons of the Pretender; and both appeared in France early in the eighteenth century. Kindred to these, as showing men living and having their being in institutions of an unrealized excellence may be mentioned the 'Sethos' of the Abbé Terrasson, whilst the universally admired 'Telemachus' of Fénelon will scarcely need suggestion.

The age of Utopias is, we fancy, for the present, pretty well over. With improving and more paternal governments, with the practical associations and pursuits of a busy and rapid time, men now-a-days rather criticise and volunteer amendments of existing codes, than project fancy constitutions. But if, in the cycles of the world, it should

ever again reach a point analogous to any former Utopia-producing station, we may prophesy that it will be a station resembling that of the ancient projectors rather than like that of the modern ones. Plato and Xenophon protected the rights of the few against the rough-shod, hundred-handed spoliations of the many. More and his English followers gave prominent assertion to the claims of the many against the grinding tyranny of the few. The next Utopia, which is dimly discoverable in the possibilities of the future, will be reactionary against a galling and despotic democracy. Meanwhile we console ourselves with the omens of a time, which happily is already half present with us, when, as a best-possible government, the few shall patriotically and philanthropically legislate in the interests of the many. In this faith and hope we pass on with eyes unaverted to the practical trials and failures of hole-and-corner Utopianism, and leave the Phalanstery and the Pantisocracy to the worship of the *umbilicani*, their creators and patrons. A. H. G.

---

## TWO CHARADES,

BY THE LATE T. K. HERVEY.

(The Answers will be given in the April Number.)

### I.

THE merry days! when through the air  
 Of each bright summer's morn,  
 To my First rode knight and lady fair,  
 With hawk and hound and horn:—  
 When on the horseman's brow was pride,  
 And in his heart a sigh,  
 For his lady-love was by his side,  
 And my Whole was the boundless sky!

Through paths that led by pleasant streams,  
 Which made their pathway sweet,  
 As they kissed, with murmurs dim as dreams,  
 My Second's flowery feet,  
 The silver bells rang soft and clear,  
 Like low, sweet-spoken spells,—  
 But sounds were in the lover's ear,  
 Oh! sweeter far than bells!

A merry sport! that lighted well  
 The sunshine of the skies!  
*He* only felt where sunshine fell  
 Within his lady's eyes!  
 As he touched the rein of her palfrey fleet,  
 And bent to see her part  
 The jesses from her falcon's feet,  
 She tied them round his heart.

Away—away, the gallant bird,  
 As by some tempest driven,  
 Shot, at his gentle lady's word,  
 To hunt the fields of heaven!  
 Along its plains, with sparkling eye,  
 She watched her falcon ride;  
 But her lover could not see the sky,—  
*His* heaven was by his side!

Did, then, that gentle lady see  
 No light but heaven's there?  
 Did heart and hawk *both* wander free  
 Through all the fields of air?  
 Did *she*, in spirit, set apart  
 No low and pleading tone  
 From all those sounds?—and had her heart  
 No quarry of its own?

Ah, me!—the fancies sent on high,  
 Turn earthward, oft,—how soon!  
 And looks that seem to search the sky  
 Fall far beneath the moon.  
 'Twas up to the cloud-land far away  
 That my First, in the old time, beckoned,  
 When the real chase of the summer's day  
 For its field had oft my Second!

Well! those, in sooth, *were* pleasant days!  
 When love, that went to roam  
 Along the sportsman's sun-bright ways,  
 Yet, left not love at home.  
 For all man's peaceful sports and sweet  
 His gentle mate was given,—  
 And *angels*, sure, are hunters meet  
 Wherever my Whole is heaven!

## II.

A DIADEM for the mountain's brow:—  
 At the mountain's foot a shroud,  
 Which unseen hands in the air have spun  
 From the heart of the cold grey cloud,  
 When the streams have stopped, and the flowers are dead:—  
 If you name me these, my First is said.  
 When the winds are at war about my First,  
 For the south wind slays what the north has nurst,  
 At the poles of the earth it never dies:  
 On the line it has never been born;  
 And it takes the life from the cold night skies  
 Denied by the warm bright morn,—  
 Of all earth's creature forms, the one  
 That gets no blessing from the sun.

But the solemn stars on its state look bright,  
 And its face is beloved by the northern light;  
 Though the meadow-stars in its fold are lost,  
 And the trees look, each like its own white ghost.  
 A thing that dies of nature's life,  
 And lives by nature's death,—  
 That the run of the rill refreshes not,  
 Nor Spring's renewing breath,—  
 That cloud makes clear, and dense makes light,—  
 That even in youth is hoary white,—  
 That sunshine sickens,—falling, forms,—  
 And God and nature feed on storms.

My First is the child of my Second,  
 And my Second the child of my First,—  
 Though the spirits are foes who bred the twain,  
 And the fays are at war who nursed.  
 Of my Second my spectral First was born,  
 With the winter wind for a sire,—  
 And my First to my Second, in turn, gives birth,  
 At the kiss of the sunbeam's fire.  
 My tiny Second!—without a sound,  
 A thousand will dance in a goblet's round;  
 Yet the fathomless sea, in its calms or storms,  
 Is made of my Second's tiny forms,—  
 And a truth as large in its sphere lies furled  
 As fills the sphere of a planet world.  
 So frail is the build of its crystal walls,  
 That the orb is shattered wherever it falls;  
 Yet the silent tooth of its ceaseless shock  
 Will eat to the heart of the iron rock,—  
 And its prisoned strength through the hills will pass,  
 Though it rend the stone like a globe of glass.  
 —In the form of my Second the cloud must burst,  
 Ere the web can be wove of my shroud-like First;  
 In my Second's form shall the shroud be rent,  
 When an angel sounds from the firmament!  
 And lo!—where my Whole hath its cerements burst,  
 In shape my Second, in shade my First!  
 The angel sounds, and the trumpet call  
 Hath wakened its heart in the clod-like earth;  
 It lifts up a fold of the winter pall,  
 And—white as a saint that the grave gives forth—  
 Peers through the ruin around it spread,  
 And sees the sunshine overhead!  
 Type of the Promise!—Stoop, my soul!  
 And read the riddle of my Whole!  
 —When the rock which my prisoned Second tears,  
 Shall be eaten away by the hunger of years,—  
 When the restless seas my Second forms  
 Shall perish of their own wild storms,—  
 When the cloud hath ceased to form, or fall,  
 Or yield my First for a winter's pall,—  
 Thou, *like* my Whole, shalt break thy tomb;  
 Safe 'mid the ruin round thee hurled,  
 And, white in thine immortal bloom,  
 Fling off the shroud that wraps a world!



## THE STORY OF A DISHONOURED BILL :

A London Narrative.

## IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'JUST FOR FORM'S SAKE—PERFECTLY NOMINAL.'

'IF you grow so confoundedly shabby and down in the mouth about such a trifle as forty pounds, I'll never have any more business transactions with you.'

'I shall be very glad if you keep to that resolution, Findlater; it's rather good to talk of business transactions with me.'

'Don't be sulky, Woods, or I shall think you a fool, even if I don't call you one. Be thankful to have been reclaimed from milkopism. Why, a fellow's twice the man he was after he's done a bill. It's a part of life, man—*life*, that you're always talking about and longing for liberty in.'

'I wonder what my father would say?' said poor Woods, dismally.

He was a good-looking young fellow, with blue eyes and curly hair, and a face that certainly ought to have been a merry one.

His companion, Mr. Findlater, an older man, was tall and pale, with small cunning black eyes, and an expression that seemed to be telling his features he was quite satisfied with them.

He took Woods' arm, and a contemptuous smile curled his thin lips.

'Oh, I forgot, you are the good boy of your family, are you not?—the industrious clerk who is going to be Lord Mayor of London, and you don't like to lose your character.'

'I wish you could be serious, Findlater.'

'I was just going to be quite sedate, and to inform you that although your respected father may, as in duty bound, look a little grave when you ask him to stump up—if such a very improbable event should occur—I take him to be too much a man of the world not to be aware that no fellow ever made his way in life without bills. It's so humdrum to pay the "ready" for every-

thing you have—to say nothing of the excitement of a bill when the day comes round.'

'I can't help it, Findlater; you may think me a fool or not, as you please. I was a cursed idiot—when I have kept pretty free from debt myself—to put my hand to another man's bit of paper, even for such a friend as you are.'

'You'll get used to it, Jack: besides, my risk is sixty pounds, and my Ascot book's a fearfully heavy one, so I ought to feel more nervous than you do; but I tell you there's no risk at all. If the worst comes to the worst, we'll renew on the 1st of July for three months.'

'You told me you'd renewed already.'

'Well, and if I have, old Franklyn trusts me implicitly. I might renew to the end of time, if I chose.'

'And that tremendous interest going on accumulating. No, thank you; I may be a fool, as I said before, but you must promise me to take this up on the 1st of July; there's nearly three weeks,' he said, with a sigh of relief.

The friends soon parted. John Woods went home to his chambers in the amiable temper that always possesses a man when he is conscious of having of his own free act and deed committed a great folly.

He was the younger son of a country clergyman, of small means, and had only been about a year in London as one of the junior clerks among the hive of hardworked bees that inhabit, or rather *labour*, six hours a day in our government offices.

Mr. Findlater—one of his official companions—had spoken the truth when he said John Woods was the hope of his family; his elder brother Richard (there were only these two brothers and a sister) had been a great sorrow to his parents. He had no actual vicious propensity,

but an amount of daring and self-will that made him quite unmanageable. He ran away from his first school because he did not like strict rules; he was expelled from the next on account of his wild pranks and complete insubordination to superiors.

His uncle, on the mother's side, Mr. Barron, liked the boy, and had at one time thought of making him his heir; but this public expulsion stirred the old man's pride.

'Send him to sea, Woods,' he wrote to his brother-in-law, in answer to the sad news the latter had communicated; 'it is the only chance for such a wild young scamp; it will at any rate rid our family of the disgrace he may bring upon us here. I fear, with yours and Theresa's gentle notions, he has been brought up on the "Spare the rod and spoil the child" system; look to Master Jack in time, and let him at least be a credit to us.'

Perhaps the parents took uncle Barron's advice; at any rate Master Jack grew up a very steady youth: without his brother Richard's ready wit, and facility for getting out of a scrape, but with the far more valuable equivalent—of showing no aptitude to fall into one.

In sending him to London, his father had given him two cautions: 'Keep out of debt; and be careful in your choice of friends.'

The first he had hitherto obeyed; but now, in the solitude of his dingy London lodgings, he asked himself what he knew about Findlater, and the answer did not make him feel more satisfied with his rashness.

He was agreeable and gentleman-like, much quieter than many of the others; he had been very kind, too, in offering to lend him money; and although the offer had never been accepted, still, one day when Findlater had treated him to a luxurious dinner and much better wine than he was accustomed to drink, Jack had found it impossible to say no, when his friend asked him, just for form's sake, to put his name to a bit of paper. He had the sense to ask its object, and was told it was perfectly nominal—that there was no risk unless he considered him, Find-

later, a pickpocket; in that case he had made himself responsible for forty pounds.

At first he had not thought much about it; but a week or so before the conversation just detailed, he had been reading a novel by a popular author, in which all the misfortunes of the principal character arose from his having incautiously signed his name to another man's bill.

Forty pounds, he knew, was a trifling sum to many people, but he had promised his father and himself that he would not spend more than his allowance during his first year in London, and this was exactly one hundred pounds. His sister Fanny was to be married in September, and he had calculated on making her a handsome present. Oh! it was absurd folly to worry himself. Findlater was not a pickpocket; still, it would be pleasanter to have an explanation.

We know how unsatisfactory the explanation had proved.

A week afterwards, Findlater was summoned into the country by the illness of an uncle who had appointed him his heir: the last time Woods met him he nodded, and passed on, but told him, in answer to his inquiry about the length of his visit, that he should be back on the 29th of June.

He was in another department of the office to Woods, so that they did not often meet.

On the morning of the 30th of June, Jack called on his friend long before office hours: he inhabited a luxurious set of rooms at the West End.

The porter said Mr. Findlater had returned from the country about a week previously, and now, having got his holidays, was gone abroad.

'But he must have left a message of some kind or other for me.'

'No, sir. He said, tell any one who may call, that I'm gone abroad for some weeks, and that Mr. Cartland has recovered.'

Woods stared at the man as if he did not understand him. Good heavens! what was he to do? Forty pounds! Why, he had not ten pounds in ready money, and the

idea  
help  
possi  
more  
them  
exper  
ding  
his b  
scone  
He  
Mall  
till i  
the S  
his  
guilt  
so co  
was  
Hi  
decla  
could  
knew  
only  
pay  
prio  
Ju  
a br  
the  
roun  
Fi  
busin  
from  
ever  
So  
whic  
out  
false  
was  
elixi  
meat  
in H  
Bu  
W  
brea  
was  
scarl  
pass  
lecte  
post  
gone  
he h  
wait  
W  
he w  
appl  
self  
sure  
in a  
baby  
know  
aske  
vo

idea of applying to his father for help was impossible—utterly impossible. Why, he knew that for months they had been denying themselves in every way to meet the expenses of dear little Fanny's wedding outfit: he would sell his watch, his books—everything he possessed, sooner than that they should know it.

He walked up and down Pall Mall, with his hands in his pockets, till it became time to turn towards the Strand. Any one who looked in his face would have judged him guilty of some punishable offence, so conscience-stricken and miserable was his appearance.

His fellow-clerks rallied him, and declared he had been jilted; but he could not laugh at their jokes. He knew nothing of money matters, his only idea being that if he could not pay the money, he should be sent to prison, and break his mother's heart.

Just as he reached his lodging, a bright thought flashed through the leaden mist that seemed closing round him.

Findlater was a thorough man of business, he should get a letter from him to-morrow to explain everything, and tell him what to do.

So the poor boy got some sleep, which he would not have done without this happy thought—true or false, it does not matter. Pandora was a wise woman to keep the elixir of life in her box: there is meat, drink, sleep, and happiness in Hope, be it ever so delusive.

But no letter came.

Woods sat and dawdled over his breakfast: he tried to fancy that was not the postman whose gay scarlet coat he had distinctly seen pass the window; then he recollected how a few months ago the postman had returned after he had gone by, having overlooked a letter he had to deliver: so he still sat and waited.

What was the form in these cases, he wondered? Would the bill-holder apply to him, or should he go himself and explain it all, and say he felt sure Mr. Findlater would be home in a few days? What a miserable baby he felt himself in this world's knowledge! Why had not he asked one of his fellow-clerks?

In his secret heart he felt he had done something so very 'young,' and what Shakspeare calls 'green,' in putting his name to this bill, that he had not courage to expose his folly; besides, to ask now, would seem like a request for money, and that he could not be suspected of.

'I'm sure I cannot get through another day like yesterday, though. I'll go to old Franklyn and learn the worst, even if it does make me late at office.'

Franklyn was Mr. Findlater's tailor.

He bowed obsequiously to Mr. Woods when the latter entered his fashionable establishment.

Jack soon explained that he did not come to order a suit of clothes, but to have a little conversation.

'Certainly, sir,' said the ever-polite tailor, bowing and smiling; 'I am happy to serve you in any way.'

As soon as they were in a private room, Woods explained his business.

'Now, Mr. Franklyn, I have never touched a farthing of this forty pounds; it seems rather hard I should have to pay it.'

The tailor went to a row of lettered pigeon-holes on the other side of the room. He drew some papers out of one of the F's.

'You are mistaken in the sum, sir; your name appears jointly with Mr. Findlater's to a little bill for one hundred pounds.'

'A hundred! That's quite impossible. Mr. Findlater told me forty pounds was the outside of my risk.'

'I can explain that, sir; the original bill was for sixty pounds; Mr. Findlater wished to increase the amount to one hundred pounds, and I said I should—just for form's sake, you understand—like another name on the bill, and he brought me yours. I have the honour to be acquainted with your uncle, sir—Mr. Barron, and I felt that my bill was as safe as the bank when I saw your name.'

Woods groaned.

'Mr. Franklyn, you don't mean to say I've made myself answerable for a hundred pounds?'

'Only as a matter of form, sir: dear me—such a trifle, and if it doesn't quite suit you to settle it

this morning—why not renew for a couple of months?

'And then there'll be ever so much more interest to pay, won't there?'

'My dear sir, such a trifle to a young gentleman with your connections.'

'But, Mr. Franklyn, I don't understand you: you seem to expect me to pay it, when I tell you I positively can't, and that I've never had the money at all. Do you mean to say Mr. Findlater won't pay any of it? He can't be such a——'

'My dear sir, consider a little,' interposed the bland tailor, deprecatingly—for Woods was pacing up and down the room in an extremely wrathful manner—'Mr. Findlater may perhaps stay abroad for some time longer. You see there are so many chances in the matter.'

The tailor's suave tones calmed the victim, and he said, more quietly, 'Do you mean to say he won't be back in time to meet this bill?'

'I should be very sorry, sir, to say anything of the sort; but how can one tell what may happen?'

'But if his uncle dies, he must come back, and then he'll have enough to pay every one.'

Mr. Franklyn smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

'I should not think that would hurry Mr. Findlater's return: and—and—to tell you the truth, so many others are interested in Mr. Cartland's decease, that perhaps his heir may find it difficult to satisfy *everybody* out of what he has been—expecting for so long beforehand.'

Ignorant as Woods was, he could not misunderstand the tailor's meaning. He evidently did not expect Findlater to meet the bill. Despair made him desperate.

'Very well, Mr. Franklyn, I see there's no help for it—I shall be glad to renew for two months; but I tell you plainly, that if Mr. Findlater is not forthcoming at the end of that time, you must not think of applying to my uncle Mr. Barron; you would ruin me entirely.'

'My dear sir,' said the tailor, soothingly, 'you take this matter too seriously; these little bills are every-day occurrences with gentle-

men of fashion. To-day you are responsible for Mr. Findlater, next time, another friend will be so for you: you will soon get used to it. Good morning, sir, I am so pleased to settle this pleasantly for you.'

And he smiled and bowed his visitor out.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BROTHERS.

It was towards the end of August: London was of course a desert, and the heat of the weather gave it almost the arid, scorched-up look of a real one: the Parks were brown and withered: there was nothing to refresh the eye or the senses but the bright blue sky, and its glare was almost insupportable.

Our friend Jack Woods was still in town; he could have taken his holiday had he chosen; but he felt this would have involved expense. He had heard nothing of Findlater; the same stereotyped answer was given him whenever he called at his rooms. He had written to him repeatedly at all the 'Poste Restantes' he could think of; he was losing all hope, and had grown pale, and thin, and ill—so ill, that on the previous evening he sent a note round to the head of his office, saying he really must beg for a couple of days' leave.

And now he had them he did not well know what to do with them; it was too hot to keep his bed; he could not afford to call in a doctor; and to venture out of doors in the heat of the sun was madness, and yet he longed for air: he longed to be in the garden at home with his mother and tell her his folly and its punishment; but he did not dare to think of home till after the 1st of September; perhaps he should never see any of them again, certainly he could not if he disgraced them.

'But what a fool I am!' he thought. 'I asked for leave that I might go about and divert my thoughts from dwelling on this wretchedness which I feel is driving me mad, and here I sit in a cheerless room duller even than the office.'

He knew there was no shade to be found in the Parks, so he did not

turn westward, and was going into the old Temple Gardens, when he bethought himself suddenly of the Docks. He had only been there once, on his first arrival in town, and had been greatly struck with the bustle and activity going on. Surely he must see something to think about and distract his mind. Just as he reached London Bridge, and was looking at the busy scene below, he saw a Greenwich steamer landing its passengers, and among them a party of young men, evidently naval officers. They sprang up the landing steps amid much noise and laughter, one of them calling out—

‘Let’s go for a minute on the jolly old bridge.’

They came up to where Woods was standing, seeing, but scarcely noticing what was going on around him, and went on to the middle of the bridge. One of them stared hard at Jack as he passed, and again as he returned. When he reached the foot of the bridge, he turned round, and looked so fixedly at him that Jack’s attention was aroused.

In an instant they were shaking hands heartily, and in another, Richard Woods had dragged his brother on and introduced him to his friends, who were all going to dine together to celebrate their return.

Jack tried to decline joining them, but he was not listened to, while Richard kept on asking question after question, scarcely waiting for an answer after he had learned all were well at home, rattling on in the wild excitement of happiness about his prize money—for they had just returned from China—and the wonderful curiosities he had brought for Jack and Fanny.

His brother walked on pale and silent, with a strange jealous feeling at his heart. For the first time in their lives he felt himself inferior to Richard. From babyhood he had always been his wild brother’s good genius; now here he was, after all sorts of extravagant and even blameable conduct, rich and happy, and would, of course, be for some time to come the idol of those at home; while he who had been so steady, just for one little rashness was to

bring lasting sorrow on himself and on them.

He felt more dissatisfied with himself than with Richard, because he knew it was not so much rashness that had made him sign the bill, as want of moral courage.

He had thought Findlater would despise him and call him ‘a muf’ if he shrank from doing what he told him was so very simple and customary an action. Generally he could withstand raillery; but he had felt greatly flattered by the marked notice of a man so much older, and in such a good position, and he longed to show him that the covert sneer he often indulged in against the want of life in home-bred youths was misplaced in his instance.

Richard noticed his paleness, and presently asked if he had been ill.

‘I am ill now; but take no notice till we’re alone.’

The dinner was a very jovial affair, but poor Jack felt quite out of his place among the merry sailors, whose whole conversation was a series of jokes.

His head ached and throbbed painfully: his brother looked at him very often, and evidently noticed his paleness; for he took leave of his friends early, spite of their remonstrances.

When they reached the street, he told Jack to take his arm and lean on it.

‘Now, my boy, I’ll see you home. I wonder if there’s a spare bed to be had; if not, never mind, I’ll send my bag to the nearest hotel, and sit in your room to-night.’

‘There is a room, I know, and on the same floor as mine, if it has not been let since this morning,’ said Jack, faintly.

‘Now hold your tongue, sir; the less talk we have to-night the better,’ said the kind-hearted sailor, who, accustomed to the bronzed faces of his companions, was alarmed at Jack’s pale, haggard appearance.

More than once during the night he entered the room to see if his charge were sleeping quietly, for Jack protested entirely against his sitting up in his room; but the revulsion of feeling their sudden meeting had created, had broken the

spell of his misery, and for the first time for several weeks he slept soundly till morning.

He was so glad he had taken a holiday now—he could tell Richard everything and ask his advice. Richard had grown much older, or he had grown younger. He seemed to feel he had an elder brother for the first time in his life.

He had not finished dressing, before the sailor entered his room rubbing his eyes, only half awake.

‘What! you don’t mean to say you are up, Jack? I’d booked you for a week’s illness at least; surely you’re not well, man, all in a hurry.’

‘I’m sorry to disappoint you, if you really had set your mind on nursing me; but I believe the sight of a home face was my best cure, Richard.’

‘Come, let’s have some breakfast, and don’t stand palavering there, looking about as white as your shirt collar.’

But after breakfast, Richard insisted on hearing his brother’s story; for his two years’ absence from home had entailed a good deal of the world’s hard usage upon him, and this, as it always does where there is a really good foundation, had opened his eyes to the trials of others and taught him sympathy.

He sat thinking for some time after Jack had finished.

‘Supposing I pay the hundred pounds for you, and leave you quite clear, have you any objection to my repaying myself in any way I choose?’

‘Of course not; but you mystify me, and, Richard, I could not take your money.’

‘I’m not going to lose a penny of it; I’m not such a flat. Now I’m off to smoke my pipe and arrange my ideas; but mind, old chap, you’re not to worry any more; the money shall be paid punctually, and all you’ve got to do is to hold your tongue;’ and before Jack could say a word of thanks, he had snatched up his hat and departed.

He did not appear again till evening, and then he put Jack through a regular catechism as to Mr. Findlater’s appearance, habits,

pursuits, friends, and places of resort; but directly his brother began to question in return, he told him that was a part of the bargain he could not have infringed, and went off to bed.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A PULL ON THE RIVER.

Mr. Findlater found it more convenient to spend his leave of absence abroad, till two or three ‘little bill’ affairs had blown over, for Jack was not by any means the only friend he honoured with such a mark of favour; but he had promised the young Viscount — to meet him in Warwickshire, for the 1st September. His leave would expire on the eighth, and he was too keen a sportsman to give up a day’s shooting easily. Although he thought it most probable Mr. Franklyn had allowed Jack to renew for a couple of months, he did not care about being seen in town before settling day.

There was money also to be received at his banker’s, and as he had good reasons for keeping this fact secret, he preferred receiving it himself; besides, he must have a new sporting rig: he could not be exposed to the remarks of his friend’s gamekeeper as to the want of completeness in his accoutrements.

One day would do it all; and he must be a bungler, indeed, if he could not contrive to spend one day in London *incog*.

He was determined not to sleep in town, that would double the risk of detection, for he did not intend to visit his own rooms.

So he travelled all night and arrived in the grey of early morning, before the shops were open.

This was provoking; however, he must breakfast, and the quickest way to do this was at the Railway Hotel adjoining the station.

At eight o’clock he sent for a cab, paid his bill at the hotel, and jumped into the vehicle with his portmanteau, feeling that risk was over now. He should keep that cab until it deposited him at the railway station on his way to D—.

As he drew up the window he noticed a young man with his hat



pulled down over his eyes, lounging against the portico of the hotel, and attentively watching him. For a moment he felt anxious; but the next, he laughed, and told himself the air of England was, as foreigners say, full of worry.

He drove first to the banker's and drew the two hundred pounds he expected, for Mr. Cartland had been so touched by his nephew's devotion to him during his illness, that (I suppose, too, to make up to him for having recovered) he had this quarter doubled the handsome allowance he made him, an allowance of which Mr. Findlater had hitherto succeeded in keeping the world in ignorance.

As he came out of the banker's he again saw the same young man standing as if about to get into a Hansom cab.

It might be a chance coincidence; but it was an unpleasant one.

His resolution was soon taken; he finished his equipment as speedily as possible, and then drove on to the station. Here he looked round for his unknown tormentor, but he could not see him; however, it was best to be on the safe side. He took his ticket to D—; but he left the train at a little fishing village a few miles from London, as quietly and unobtrusively as possible.

He had managed matters so rapidly that it was not much past noon when he strolled up to the door of the pretty village inn.

The 'Crowing Cock' was a favourite haunt for anglers, artists, and refined idlers of all sorts—but on this day it was very still and deserted. Either the eve of the 1st September is not a favourable day for anglers, or some other reason, had almost cleared the little coffee-room of guests. Only one remained, a severe-looking old gentleman, intent on the 'Times,' who evidently, by a restless movement of his eyebrows, considered Mr. Findlater's entrance an intrusion. There was a large French window in the room opening on to a smooth, well-kept grass plot, large enough to be called a lawn, which sloped gradually down to the river.

Mr. Findlater rang for the waiter and ordered his dinner—he would

dine at a little table in the large window recess.

But as he had ordered a roast chicken the waiter humbly suggested it could not be ready much before three o'clock. They had not expected company that morning and were quite out of poultry—of course it could soon be procured if the gentleman did not mind waiting.

The gentleman looked annoyed; but he was a thorough Londoner, and could not digest even the notion of an ill-cooked, probably tough chop or steak, so he said he would wait.

'I suppose I can have a bed here if I don't feel inclined to go on after dinner?'

The waiter bowed, flourished his napkin, and said they had the best sleeping accommodation possible; would the gentleman choose his room and have his luggage carried there?

'If there's a large bed-room over this with a river view, I'll have that.'

'Certainly, sir.'

Mr. Findlater stepped out on the grass-plot. The stillness and repose of the whole scene was delightful after the rapid motion he had been undergoing for four-and-twenty hours. He stretched himself full length on the grassy slope and lit a cigar. White and yellow water-lilies formed a gold and silver border along the river; they seemed to sit like water nymphs in their broad green leaves, as if meditating a voyage when their coiling, snake-like stems should release them from anchorage.

You need not fancy that Mr. Findlater bestowed any attention on the water-lilies, unless their gold and silver appearance might have given him an idea, or he might think how impossible it would be to extricate a drowning man from their entangling masses—drowning was an evil dreaded by him, as he had never been able to learn to swim.

He lay there smoking and thinking over his lucky escape. Franklyn would not renew again—that he was sure of: poor Woods! He wondered how he would manage; it would teach him a little life and business, and his uncle, Mr. Barron, ought to do something for the lad; it was



only kind to give him the opportunity.

He turned to pleasanter thoughts: there would most likely be some very young men at D—: one he knew—the son of a *nouveau riche*—who would of course be delighted to be noticed by a friend of the Viscount's and learn a few of the secrets of life.

'And as my uncle can't live for ever, it's as well to have some one else to fall back upon,' said Mr. Findlater to himself, as he ran his ringed fingers through his long, attenuated whiskers.

He had nearly fallen asleep in the midst of his financial calculations when the waiter came to announce dinner.

There had been another arrival, for a table was set not far from his own, and at it a sunburned, bronzed-looking young man, with a very broad pair of shoulders, was vigorously attacking a cold-meat pie.

Mr. Findlater was secretly disgusted to find his solitude disturbed, for the old gentleman had retired. However, the new comer kept his back turned towards him till he had finished eating. He then suddenly faced round and told the waiter to bring him some rum and a fresh bottle of cold water, and to wheel his table nearer the window.

The waiter looked puzzled, for the table was a heavy one, and I am not sure that it was not fixed to the floor.

'Oh, never mind,' said the stranger, 'I dare say the gentleman in the window there won't object to your putting my grog and glass on the corner of his table; I won't disturb him.'

Mr. Findlater was surprised, but he had just made an excellent dinner and felt well disposed towards mankind in general, and he soon found himself listening to the sea-faring stories of his companion.

'Are you fond of the water?' said the latter.

'Very, if I can get any one to row me.'

'Oh, that's slow work; the whole of the fun's in the pulling.'

'Ah! I suppose you're an experienced hand; now, were you ever upset?'

'Often; I can't say I ever upset myself, but if I did I shouldn't care. I'm fond of the water any way.'

'Ah! You can swim, I suppose?'

'Like a duck or a cork. I believe the water's my natural element.'

'I envy you. I never could swim, and I don't believe I shall ever learn how.'

They talked on for nearly an hour, Findlater becoming more and more interested in his companion, who hinted that he had just returned from China with 'lots of prize-money.' Mr. Findlater hated spirits; but to humour his new acquaintance he drank rather freely of rum and water, having already taken a good deal of wine.

At length, flushed and excited, he proposed a stroll along the river-side, and when the stranger offered to row him up and down while he smoked, he hailed the idea as delightful.

'Have you any light wherry here?'

'Yes, sir; plenty, sir, if you'll step down and look at 'em.'

'Well, you go down and choose one,' said Findlater. 'I'll be with you in a minute.'

He found his new friend waiting for him impatiently in one of those cockle-shell skiffs that look scarcely made to hold one person, much less two.

Mr. Findlater, like all men who can't swim, always felt nervous at getting into a boat, but he was ashamed to let his nautical friend see that he had any fears.

They rowed about half a mile down the river in perfect silence, when the sailor suddenly drew in his sculls and looked round him.

The stream was much broader here—the banks fringed with huge sedges several feet in height. There were no grassy slopes, no sign of human habitation, it was all desolate and gloomy. When they started, the sun was one blaze of glory; it was setting now behind a bank of leaden clouds which rapidly overspread the sky.

'What are you looking for?' said Mr. Findlater, as the boat remained stationary.

'I was looking for an old land-

mark. Yes, there it is; that old pollard stump among the sedges. Yes, I was right; we are in the very deepest part of the river.'

He spoke very slowly and deliberately, and in quite a different tone. His face even had undergone a change: his brows were knit, his lips tightly pressed together as he raised his head abruptly and looked sternly and searchingly at his companion.

'Now, Mr. Findlater; I know your name, you see, although you have not cared to ask me for mine. I will spare you the question—I am Richard Woods, and I will trouble you to hand me over one hundred pounds on account of my brother, Jack Woods'—and he drew from his pocket and held before his companion's eyes a copy of the bill in his brother's handwriting.

'Good God!' cried the startled man; 'what can you mean by such extraordinary conduct? row me to land at once.'

The sailor smiled contemptuously and crossed his arms firmly over his broad chest.

'Once more, Mr. Findlater, we are in the deepest part of the river; there is no human being near us. Will you give me the money?'

Findlater hesitated; he began to swear and bully, but his voice died away as he saw no hesitation in his determined companion.

'Set me ashore and then I will talk to you.'

The sailor bent down and removed the bottom plank of the boat, and before the other could interfere, pulled out the cork.

In bubbled the water with a fierce gurgle as if hungry for its prey.

'Look here; in two minutes this boat will fill and sink, and you with her; take your choice of that or pay me the money.'

Findlater's face was ghastly; he looked around in despair; there was nothing to be seen but the tall sedges shaking their heads as if in mockery of help.

He tried to speak, but he could not; his wide-opened eyes and fixed mouth were like those of a corpse: the fear of a horrible and present death paralyzed him.

But the bubbling water soon roused him.

He darted his hand into his breast pocket and drew out a small leather case, which he handed to the sailor.

'Ah!' said the latter, drawing a long breath as he replaced the cork; 'I thought you would turn out a reasonable being after all,' and he proceeded coolly to bale out the water with Mr. Findlater's hat.

Jack Woods has never signed his name to a friend's bill again, and I am happy to say that Richard has become a respectable member of society.

How the shrewd, resolute sailor managed to get a clue to Findlater's movements is not material to our story. We have seen how Richard kept his man well in view, prepared to use, as he best could, the first opportunity when thoroughly alone. The plan of getting the scoundrel on the river was a bright idea which flashed across the ready-witted youth as soon as he learned Findlater's fear of the water. We need not stop to inquire whether, in the heat of passion, a clever device might not have become deadly earnest. Enough that the tale I have been telling is a true one. I am ignorant of Mr. Findlater's fate. Possibly he may yet fulfil the higher destiny promised by the hackneyed proverb to a man 'not born to be drowned.'

G. P.

## MYSTERIES OF THE PANTOMIME.

A PEEP behind the scenes of a theatre, at the most ordinary times, affords a strange and curious spectacle. Nothing strikes the stranger so much as the quaint and dingy look of everything around him. The boarding of the stage, which, from the front, appears so well calculated for the delicate satin shoes of the dancer, is found, on near inspection, to be rugged and worn, and intersected on every hand by the projecting edges of traps. Right and left, and at the back, when the stage is clear of scenery, you see the rough, unplastered walls, blotched with dark greasy spots, where painters and carpenters have been accustomed to squeeze through behind close sets and drawn-off flats. Looking up among the jointed grooves projecting in all sorts of fantastic attitudes from the 'flies,' you conceive the notion of being in an unfinished house before the floors are laid, in which a large number of the old wooden telegraphs have been stored. The ropes and pulleys are suggestive of a ship, and the sky borders of a dyer's loft. The Bowers of Bliss and Palaces of Delight, which look so dazzling at night, are incomprehensible smudges at close quarters by day. Daylight takes all the romance out of the theatre. When the lamps have gone out and the grey dawn streams in through the dingy panes in the roof, the royal palace down below becomes a barn. The sun makes everything bright and gay—everything but the theatre. Thalia and Melpomene hold their license from Diana.

A rehearsal! what a strange affair is that! Here the envious daylight takes the romance, too, out of the actors. Your Divinity of the foot-lights comes in dragged from a long walk in the rain, and gets 'blown up' by the uncouth stage-manager—stage-managers are always uncouth, on principle—for being late. 'Now then, Miss Divinity, how much longer are we to be kept waiting for you?' Miss Divinity is carefully putting by her dripping umbrella and muddy goloshes in the prompter's box. Your comic

favourite comes on with a comforter and a cough, grumbling at his part, for which he shows his contempt by blundering at every second word, and going up to the author and asking what it means. The piece is intended to be a comic one—a 'regular screamer.' It sounds, as the words are mumbled over, as serious as a sermon. The comic man looks as gloomy as a vampire. The dragged divinity wears an aspect positively repulsive. The first old man is the embodiment of injury and insult combined. The second chambermaid is a walking effigy of disgust. The first young man, contemplating 'half a length,' is satisfied that a piece in which he has so little to say must prove a dead failure; the author begins to think so too. He thought his piece funny once; but not now. Daylight and rehearsal have taken all the fun out of it, and it will not be restored until Miss Divinity has put on her pretty dress, and the comic man has reddened his nose, and the lamps are lit. A stage rehearsal is at all times a sternly practical and business-like proceeding; and most particularly and peculiarly so when the business in hand is the harlequinade—the *comic scenes*, as they are called—of a pantomime.

The young people, ay, and the old people no less, who sit in the boxes and roar until the tears run down their cheeks at the frolicsome waggeries of the Clown, and the amusing discomfiture which he visits upon Pantaloon and the other destined martyrs of the drama, are little accustomed to reflect that all this extravagant nonsense has first of all to do with tears, not of laughter, but of pain and grief, and wearing toil. All this kicking, and slapping, and burning with imaginary red-hot pokers, has been a very serious and painful business for a fortnight or more before the opening night. The Clown looks a merry wag, does he not? A fellow of infinite jest—always ready for a mad prank. You should see him in his canvas trousers and slippers at rehearsal, practising the slap with Pantaloon, or

trying his back for a summersault. It is a long time since he has turned head over heels, and he is not without fears for his neck or some of his bones. Pantaloon and Harlequin are as nervous as he is, and the pyramid at the end of the 'rally' is a failure. They have not yet warmed to their work. They try and try again, and fail and fail again. Roused at length by the reproachful looks, if not words of the manager, they rush at it desperately—neck or nothing—and at last the dangerous feat is accomplished. What follows is easy after this point; since now the pantomimists have thrown all care for their bones behind them. Seeing that a Clown nightly runs the risk of maiming himself for life, it is somewhat astonishing that the character should be so much coveted. The market, however, is always overstocked with Clowns, and the overflow runs to Pantaloons. Don't imagine, for a moment, that the Pantaloon is always, or even occasionally, the old man he looks. He is generally a very young man, not unfrequently a mere youth of eighteen or twenty. He does not choose to be Pantaloon, you may be sure of that. Does the aspirant after histrionic honours take to the profession that he may play Rosencrantz and Guildenstern? No; Hamlet is his mark. But as we cannot all be Hamlets, some of us must play Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. So with pantomimists. They cannot all be Clowns. Some one must be Pantaloon and have his fingers pinched. But these *dii minores* will have their consolation some day. When Rosencrantz goes into the country he will be nothing short of Prince of Denmark, and Pantaloon—why, he will be Clown.

Pantomimists appear under so many different aspects that it is not easy to fix their identity and determine their normal condition. What Clowns and Pantaloons do in the summer, is, we believe, a mystery as profound as the authorship of Junius. All that is known about them is that they come out of their holes in a very dingy and dilapidated condition about the beginning

of December, and, reversing the order of all floral things, burst into full bloom amid the frost and snow of January. A Clown is a sort of human crocus, and his full bloom takes the magnificent form of a light-coloured, fluffy greatcoat, combined with a glossy hat with a broadly-braided and turned-in brim, a splendid waistcoat, and studs, rings, and chains designed and executed on the largest scale known to the jeweller's art. His diamonds, if valued according to their size, should be worth a king's ransom, or, shall we say, a Colleen-Bawn fortune? It is the idiosyncrasy of the Clown in private life, always to make up for the heavy swell. Perhaps this may be only the natural rebound from the fool's dress, and the bumpkin's grin, and the knock-kneed walk of his footlight existence. View him in the street in all his glory. Does he look like a personage who could condescend to squash a baby or pocket a string of sausages? Can you imagine that magnificent personage turning heels overhead? Can you conceive a grand seigneur like this being troubled in his mind by the loss of a fourpenny bit? Can you imagine him stretching his mouth from ear to ear, and asking you 'how's your mother?' If he were to sing, would you expect 'Tippetywitchet' or 'Hot Codlings' from him? No: *Piff-paff*, or *Suon la Tromba*. Nor does the Clown forget his dignity even when he wears the paint. Though the fluffy greatcoat, and the braided hat, and the Brobdignagian jewellery are stowed away in the dressing-room, the self-importance is all here, asserting itself royally through the thick coat of bismuth, the moment he makes his exit and reaches the wing. See him come off from bonneting a policeman, stealing a leg of mutton, or tripping-up a baker. He is no longer Clown, but *Mr. Grimaldi Jones*; and the subordinates at the wing say, 'Sir,' to him; and his dresser obsequiously asks him if he would *please* to change; and to all these respectful addresses he replies in the lofty style of a Don Magnifico. No eminent tragedian is more exacting

of respect than the favourite Clown. And sometimes in these days he gets as high pay as the eminent tragedian. Pretty actresses, we know, are apt to crush the hearts of young gallants in the stalls. But did it ever enter any one's mind to conceive that a knock-kneed, wide-mouthed clown was, in any point of view, adapted to crush the hearts of ladies in the boxes? We should say, never. But still it is a fact, that Clown graces have an attraction for the fair sex. We once knew a Clown who was taken a fancy to by a lady—a real lady, of property, too. She married him, and next boxing-night the Clown came to the theatre in his own carriage. He had now money enough for his support without acting; but his wife liked to see him play Clown, and it was part of the matrimonial compact that he should continue his profession.

Pantaloons, when they have given up all hope of becoming Clowns and have settled down into the lean and slippered existence, exhibit an idiosyncrasy of an opposite kind. They do not aspire to be swells. On the contrary, they affect extreme plainness of dress, and sometimes even seediness. This latter, however, may not always be an affectation. The Pantaloon carries into private life the passive characteristics which distinguish him on the stage. His demeanour, both in the street and in society, is that of one who feels conscious that his destiny is to suffer discomfiture and be put upon. He appears prepared on all occasions to take and give the slap, and to suffer any accident that may happen to him with an equal mind. The force of habit remains strong within him long after he has retired from the boards. It was once our high privilege to be on intimate terms with a Pantaloon—one of the old school. On a certain occasion when we took tea with him, a clothes-horse fell against him as he was in the act of buttering his muffin. In an instant he dropped the knife, gave the slap, and shied his muffin across the table at his son and heir (aged twelve), who, receiving it in the eye, returned the slap with a promptitude which clearly

showed the direction of his ambition. We shall never forget the meeting which took place between our Pantaloon and a retired Clown of his former acquaintance. The Clown had become a master chimney-sweep, and had grown stout, and wore broad cloth. Pantaloon (also in his Sunday clothes), viewing him from the door of a hostelry, cried out in a joyful voice, 'What, Tommy, is that you?' 'What, Joey!' cried the former Clown—rushing to embrace his old *collaborateur*—'Tip us the slap, old boy.' And then and there on the muddy pavement, and in their suits of broad cloth, the habit of old days came back upon them, and they flapped and slapped and turned head over heels, and then grasped each other by the hand with a warmth of friendliness that was quite refreshing to witness.

It perhaps never occurred to you, Materfamilias, sitting smiling in the dress circle, with your olive branches around you, that Columbine, who is frisking and pirouetting before you, is herself a materfamilias, and that while she is tripping about here in short gauze petticoats, she has little ones of her own tossing about in their beds in some cheerless lodging, anxiously waiting for mother's step on the stairs. She and Harlequin play the lovers well, do they not? They are all youth and grace, and smiles and airiness. Yes; and they have been man and wife these dozen years, and have had their cares and their joys, their gladness and their sorrow, like the real people who sit around you. It is well to look at them as real people. We can the better appreciate the praiseworthy efforts which they make—in the only way they can—to do their duty. And what a strange sphere it is from our point of view! The eldest of Harlequin and Columbine—a youth of fourteen—is now standing at the wing—he is call-boy—witnessing his father and his mother dancing. Fancy yourself, Materfamilias, with Paterfamilias in those clothes, you in the short gauze petticoats, and he in the spangles, doing a *cracovienne* in the presence of your son! Thank your stars that you have better

work to do; but it is not sterner nor harder work than this.

The individualities of pantomimists are exhibited in a striking light at a morning rehearsal, when the unromantic daylight streams down upon them. One thing perplexes you very much, and that is, among the motley crowd at the wing to determine who is who. Two men in canvas trousers with white skull-caps on their heads are busying themselves in front. Who are they? Clown and Pantaloon. But which is which? It would be difficult to guess from their present appearance, for they have left off the clothes of the outer world, and have not yet endued themselves in the distinguishing garments of the pantomime. And this crowd of men, women, and children of all ages, sizes, and apparent conditions—who are they? Some of the men are of clerical aspect and wear black, somewhat rusty, and shiny hats of the respectable chimney-pot order. A good many of them are grizzled with age, and bear the stamp of care upon their brows. The women are a thin, poorly-clad, anxious-looking set; most of them with children in their charge—some of them little mites of things, not more than three or four years old. There is an air of combined poverty and respectability about this motley crowd which sadly puzzles the stranger. He would scarcely guess that they are there to represent shopkeepers, and policemen, and butchers, and bakers, and the other personages of the pantomime, whom it is the business of the Clown to buffet and ill use. They have had an anxious time of it for a week past for fear they should not be engaged. You may have seen them in a crowd, waiting round the stage door in the cold, day after day. So anxious have they been for an engagement at a shilling a night, or perhaps less, to be tripped up, and bonneted, and burned with pokers, and banged with shutters! The moment it got wind that there was a frog scene in the piece, the manager was inundated with offers of children. The mothers of the neighbourhood went from one to another, and spread the report of

frogs, and the would-be representatives of frogs came upon the manager like a plague of Egypt. And when, at length, the order went forth, 'no more frogs,' there was wailing and lamentation outside the stage door in the cold. It is curious, almost pitiful, to see little children, who can barely speak, sent on to the stage to amuse others—they who have never had a toy to amuse themselves. We have seen little human frogs and human rats hushed to sleep in the corner of a dressing-room until it was time to put them into their pasteboard skins.

Fancy that, *Materfamilias*—a babe just weaned earning its mother's Sunday dinner! We know two little, chubby, black-eyed things, a boy and a girl, whose heads scarcely reach above our knee, who have been earning the Sunday dinner of a whole family for three months past. The independence of their behaviour in the theatre, owing to their childish unconsciousness of any authority, forms a striking contrast to the obsequiousness of the grown-up employés. One day we saw the manager passing through behind the scenes, and carpenters and scene-shifters made way for him, and high-placed officials and leading gentlemen and ladies bowed and kotowed with respectful awe. So far the progress of the manager was that of a terrible potentate through the ranks of his subjects. But presently the great man entered the green-room, and there our two little, chubby, black-eyed friends were engaged in boisterous play, jumping on and off the sofas and chairs. Did they stop their play and sneak away into a corner with scared looks? Not they. They continued their romping and jumping quite unconcerned; and when the manager told them in awful tones to be quiet, the little black-eyed boy said 'Shan't!' and the little black-eyed girl ran against the great man, and slapping him in a child's wayward manner, plainly told him this bit of her little innocent mind—'I don't like you!' Bless their little hearts, they had no idea of a great Bashaw of a manager who held engagements in his hands and paid salaries on Saturday. They



only knew that mother brought them there, that they played little frogs, and that somehow or other—through mother—money came of it, and a nice baked dinner on Sunday.

It is proverbial that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. The rehearsal of a pantomime sometimes helps One-half-the-world's ignorance. Among that motley, mouldy throng of supernumeraries waiting at the wing there are men who have been educated and brought up as gentlemen; there are decayed tradesmen; there are clerks and shopmen out of employment; there are poor artisans of the superior class; there are faded coryphées who once upon a time were pets of the ballet and the admired divinities of the stalls. Most of them have had a theatrical connection all their lives. The decayed tradesman has served the theatre perhaps; or he has had customers among actors. The clerk may have dabbled in theatrical copying. These are all thoroughly up in their business, and take their kicks and slaps and trippings-up with methodical and untruffled precision. For a new comer, however, the ordeal is a painful one, and if he be a superior person, it is rarely that he passes through it with success; neither his will nor his poverty will make him consent to shake his leg when a red-hot poker is put in his pocket. A case in point rises in our memory. The usual front scene of shops was set, and a pale, anxious-looking young man, who stood in the front of the crowd at the wing, was ordered by the Clown to 'go on.' The young man advanced nervously and the Clown followed and put the painted poker in his pocket. The youth walked on placidly and made his exit, at the opposite side, as if nothing had happened. Of course the Clown was disgusted. 'That will never do; come back.' The young man came back, rather sulkily, and went through the business again, but without expressing the desired amount of comic pain—indeed, without expressing any at all. The Clown was now losing his temper, and he roared out—'Now, would you walk off as quietly as

that if you had a red-hot poker in your pocket? That's a red-hot poker, young man; look at me.' Here the Pantaloon practised on the clown, and the Clown went into the most exquisite contortions. 'Now then, try again;' and the Clown roughly took the young man by the collar to bring him back to his place; but he had scarcely touched him before the young man, whose face was scarlet with indignation, first 'squared up' at Clown, and then bursting away from him, rushed precipitately off the stage and out of the theatre. 'Ah!' said Clown, 'he's too much of a gentleman for the work.' Which was just the truth.

A prime minister during the time of a great international difficulty is the popular *beau-ideal* of a harassed man; but we question if any prime minister, at such a time, ever worked harder, or suffered more anxiety, than does the property-man, or the stage-manager of a theatre during the production of a pantomime. For the information of such as are not versed in theatrical affairs, we may explain that 'properties' is the name given to all the articles used in the business of a scene. Tables, chairs, bedsteads, trick-boxes, carrots, snowballs, fairy wands, seaweed, locomotive engines, tobacco pipes, babies, thunder and lightning, and a thousand other things too numerous to mention, are included under the denomination. All these things have to be made and got ready, sometimes on the shortest notice. It is rarely, indeed, that they are all finished until some days after the opening night. We once heard an author complimenting a property-man for having done his work so well and in so short a time. 'You must have had hard work over it.' 'Hard work! Why, sir, I call this nothing; when I was getting up the pantomime at the—Theatre I never had my clothes off for four days and nights before it was produced, nor for four days and nights after it was produced—except to play Harlequin.' That was his only refreshment. Nor does the property-man's anxiety cease when the work of manufacture is

over. shaki which can he is gettin scene of p taken diate place duck fly al must at th mere prep put boy must and orde lang mult due nage poss guar pant man wine scen and tops and wor 'un at t the him flap mai mu give the abo the a si wor bei a b wh mo mi of. lea the hin po cri



over. Every night, when we are shaking our sides at the mad pranks which the Clown plays with his canvas turnips and calico sausages, he is toiling and sweating behind, getting all these things ready. Each scene requires its own particular set of properties, and when one set is taken away another must immediately be brought in to supply its place. The red herrings and the ducks, and the quatern loaves which fly about so miscellaneously in front, must all be in their proper places at the wing. Then there are innumerable trick-boxes to drag out and prepare; one little boy has to be put into one, and another little boy into another, and great care must be taken that all the strings and flaps are in proper working order. A vast amount of strong language is required to help these multifarious arrangements to their due consummation. A stage manager will tell you that it is as impossible to do without strong language during the performance of a pantomime, as it is to command a man-of-war without it, in a gale of wind. Speak 'genteelly' to your scene-shifter or your foremast-man, and a trap sticks, or away go your topsails. But the stage-manager and the prompter have plenty of work of their own to do besides the 'ungenteel' urging of others. Look at that elaborate business plot which the prompter has spread out before him in his box. Every leap, every flap change, every trap trick is there marked down; and the prompter must be ready on the instant to give the signal to those working them behind the flats, on the flies above, and in the galleries under the stage. A second too late with a signal and the trick is spoiled, or, worse still, some one is hurt by being shot against a shored trap or a buttoned door. The dangers to which pantomimists are exposed are more serious and more constantly imminent than the public have any idea of. Supposing, when the Harlequin leaps through the trap in the flat, that the four men appointed to catch him are not at their posts. Why, poor Harlequin comes down with a crash on the hard boards, and per-

haps maims himself for life. It is one of the great grievances of pantomimists that they cannot get these men to attend to their duties, unless by constantly feeing them, or treating them to beer. There have been many instances where these men have absented themselves on purpose to 'serve out' a Clown or Pantaloon who has refused or neglected to comply with their exactions. It is a pity that the law does not provide a special punishment—and it could not be too severe—for such criminal neglect and wilful malice.

Having attempted to give some idea of the vast resources which are called into play, of the anxious and heavy labour which is gone through, and of the serious dangers which are encountered, during the performance of a pantomime, it only remains for us to speak of the great mystery which is involved in the concoction and designing of the so-called comic business. We know all about the opening. We are informed a month beforehand that such and such a popular author will write the introduction, and in due time it is presented to us—in return for sixpence—in the form of a book, with the author's name and a record of his dramatic triumphs on the title-page. But who is the author of the comic business?—the opening is not regarded as comic—who arranges those sometimes smart hits at the passing events of the day which are pantomimically carried out by Clown and Pantaloon? From what fertile and facetious brain proceeds the notion of turning a sack of alum into quatern loaves, Mr. Spurgeon into a gorilla, and transforming the label on a box of American pills, into 'National Debt 1,000,000,000 dollars?' Does any one imagine that these are impromptu fummints; or that their design is left to Clown and Pantaloon? Perhaps the matter never occupies a thought. Be it known, however, that there are authors of the harlequinade, as well as of the burlesque opening, and that all the business is written down on paper with equal minuteness and care, though the production is never printed in a book, and the name of

the author is never glorified in the newspapers. We have, at this moment, two or three MS. scenes before us; and we are about to break through an envious silence which has hitherto been preserved with regard to such important work. We have no space to review these clever productions at length, but some extracts may serve as curiosities of dramatic literature. Scene number 2, manufactory, &c., is illustrated by a pen and ink sketch in the MS.:

'Enter Clown and Pant. Man  $\times$  with boards,' ( $\times$  be it understood, means 'crosses') 'written on, "Just arrived, the New American Anticipating Machine." C. purchases it, and they place it against door of warehouse and exit' (sic). 'An old gentleman enters with little dog. Pant. gives him bill. Clown steals dog. Old gent. exits. Clown pops dog into machine, turns handle, and pulls out from other side long row of sausages. Gent. returns, calls and whistles for dog. The sausages commence wagging, à la dog's tail. Gent. frightened, and runs off. Baker's man places board at door, "Bakings carefully done." A boy brings on dish and cover. Clown says, "All right," and places it on c. of stage. Calls Pant. He takes off cover, and discovers a sheep's head and potatoes. He is about to steal one when the sheep's eyes become illuminated and work. C., frightened, pops on cover and runs off.'

Here is a hit at the faculty:—

'Clown enters with a shabby hat, old coat, and bludgeon (à la burglar) from chemist's shop. A gent. comes out of door. Clown walks behind him, steals book from pocket—at same time policeman enters—secures him. Clown begs for mercy—takes out a scroll, written on, "*I'm a victim to kleptomania.*" Policeman holds up another scroll—"I'm the cure for that." Har. waves: Clown's scroll changes to "*Twelve months' hard labour.*"'

The next scene may be described as Ethnological, Zoological, and

Theological. We quote again from our cherished MS.:

'Man from curiosity shop brings on large book which masks in bale. On the outside, "*History of Gorilla.*" He opens book, and shows picture of the animal. Ladies and gents. come on at different wings, and form a half circle. From shop a gent. enters dressed à la Spurgeon. He commences, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the gorilla, an animal that so closely resembles the human species"—the roar of the animal is heard behind the book: they all start, ladies scream, man drops the book. The bale has dropped—discovers the Clown made up as a gorilla—they are all going to exit—gent. holds up scroll—"Don't be alarmed; I'm the Perfect Cure." Band play the tune—Spurgeon and Gorilla dance in front—the rest form a line and dance to the music. At the end Clown lifts up the mask—all pitch into Spurgeon, and exit.'

Too bad of you, Mr. Comic-scene-writer. Why 'pitch into' Mr. Spurgeon?

And now we will conclude with the statement of a fact which we suspect is 'not generally known,' viz., that the pantomime which finds so many people in bread at Christmas-time is in many instances the sole sustaining prop of the House. At some theatres there is no profit made except at pantomime-time. All the rest of the year it is hard struggle to make both ends meet until Boxing Night comes again. And when the curtain comes down for the last time on the concluding glories of the pantomime of this Christmas, the manager will send for the property-man and the scene painter, and will instruct them to begin without a day's delay to prepare for the next, which will be performed for the first time on the 26th of December, 1862. II.

\* These scenes are the composition of Mr. William Smith of the Royal Adelphi Theatre.

from

on  
the  
pena  
mal.  
erent  
shop  
He  
his is  
y re-  
ar of  
they  
the  
overs  
y are  
oll—  
rfect  
egon  
em a  
e end  
into

rene-  
pur-

with  
a we  
own,  
which  
d at  
ances  
ouse.  
rofit  
time.  
hard  
meet  
gain.  
down  
iding  
this  
send  
scene  
m to  
pre-  
ll be  
n the

on of  
delphi



MOZART.

*Copied from a Drawing by S. H. Newman.*

the author is never glorified in the newspapers. We have, at this moment, two or three MS. scenes before us; and we are about to break through an envious silence which has hitherto been preserved with regard to such important work. We have no space to review these clever productions at length, but some extracts may serve as curiosities of dramatic literature. Some number 4, manuscript, &c., is illustrated by a pen and ink sketch in the MS.:

"Enter Clown and Pant. Man X with bundle. (X is understood, means 'Crown') writes on. 'Just arrived, the New American Antiquarian Machine.' (C. looks at it, and then pines it against door of warehouse and exit.) (sic). 'An old gentleman fishes with little dog. Pant. gives him, till. Crown steals dog. Old pant calls. Crown puts dog into machine, turns handle, and pulls out from other side long row of images. Gout returns, calls and whistles for dog. The images commence wagging, & a dog's tail. Gout, frightened, and run off. Pant's man places board at door. 'Bakings carefully done.' A bag brings up fish and eel. Crown says, 'all right,' and places it in a bag. Calls Pant. He takes out eel, and discovers a sheep's head and position. He is about to start when the sheep's eye becomes fixed on him and work. Gout, frightened, jumps out and runs off.

Here is a bit of the finale:

"Crown enters with a shabby hat, and coat, and bag. (X is understood, means 'Crown') says, 'A post, moment of time. Crown waves behind him, steals back in pocket—at same time policeman arrests him. Crown begs for mercy—takes out a scroll, writes on, 'I'm a clown to the panto.' Policeman holds up another scroll—'I'm the cure for that.' Pant waves. Crown's small changes to 'Underneath the sheet below.'"

The next scene may be described as Ethnological, Zoological, and

Theological. We quote again from our cherished MS.:

"Man from curiosity they bring a large book which makes a tale. On the outside, 'History of Gorilla.' He opens book, and shows picture of the animal. Ladies and gents, come on at different wings, and form a half circle. Pant has a goat, enters dressed like Spurgeon. He exclaims, 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is the gorilla, an animal that as flesh resembles the human species'—the face of the animal is held behind the book, they all start, ladies scream, man drops the book. The tale has dropped—discovery the Gorilla made up as a gorilla—there is all going in next—goat, holds up scroll. 'I'm the clown; I'm the clown.' Band play the tune—Spurgeon and Gorilla dance in front—the rest follow him and dance to the music. At this point Clown lifts up the mask—all pitch on Spurgeon, and exit."

Too bad of you, Mr. Comedian-writer. Why 'pitch into' Mr. Spurgeon?

And now we will conclude with the statement of a fact which we suspect is not generally known; viz., that the pantomime which finds so many people in bread at Christmas-time is in many instances the sole sustaining prop of the House. At some theatres there is no profit made except at pantomime-time. All the rest of the year it is hard struggle to make both ends meet until Boxing Night comes again. And when the curtain comes down for the last time in the declining glories of the pantomime of the Christmas, the manager will send for the property-man and the work powder, and will instruct them to begin without a day's delay to prepare for the next, which will be performed for the first time on the 1st of December, 1862.

II.

\* These scenes are the composition of Mr. William Smith of the Royal Adelphi Theatre.



MOZART.

*Copied from a Drawing by E. Hamman.*

S  
ing  
(ou  
adr  
of  
wh  
ape  
ins  
me  
bou  
tes  
of  
We  
in  
fro  
wa  
thi  
of  
ma  
arr  
I v  
of  
tho  
sho  
—  
a t  
bre  
dog  
a g  
Su  
pu  
—  
Pa  
dis  
you  
der  
on  
a k  
sel  
nee  
tim  
on  
tak  
len  
“ P  
act  
you

## THE ROMANCE OF THE WIRY-HAIRED TERRIER.

## A Tale of Village Society.

## CHAPTER I.

SAINT FRANCIS of Assisi, that most loving of men, when walking in the forests, used sometimes (out of the very exuberance of his admiration of God for all the signs of an infinite goodness and beauty which he discerned about him) to apostrophize the birds, beasts, and insects as 'his brethren.' I was mentioning this one day to a neighbouring parson—a staunch Protestant who only just allows the title of saint to the apostles themselves. We two were walking, like St. Francis, in a wood: it was the shortest cut from my village to the railway. I was astonished to find my somewhat thin arm suddenly in the tight clutch of brother Westman's iron-like and massive hand. It was a clutch that arrested me whether I would or not: I was compelled to stand still.

'Then,' said he, striking the stem of a young beech with his knotty thorn-stick, and bringing down a shower of bright drops upon us both—'Then Francis of Assisi redeems a thousand of them. They are our brethren: at least, *one* lot of beasts, dogs are: of that I'm sure.'

'Well,' said I, laughing, 'I know a good many heresies are delivered Sunday after Sunday from Beesham pulpit, but I never guessed that this—what shall I call it?—Franciscan Pantheism?—was among them.'

'I believe,' answered he, 'to your disgrace, there is only one dog on your premises, and he is the gardener's, and not yours.'

'Report says that there are twenty on your premises. In keeping such a kennel, you no doubt delude yourself that you are ministering to the necessities of the brethren. The next time you fulminate against candles on the altar, I shall repay you by taking for my text St. Paul's excellent advice in Philippians iii. 2, "Beware of dogs."'

'Report is an awful liar. Report actually says that a whole series of young ladies have been engaged to

me, and have broken the engagement, one and all, solely because they could not stand the test, "Love me, love my dogs."'

'May some one quickly come,' said I, 'with whom the fatness of your benefice will outweigh the noise and plague of your kennel.' After we had continued such banter for some distance, Westman stopped it by crying—

'Well, well—all that I say of dogs I will substantiate. I have seen a dog express feelings which most of us think solely and peculiarly human.'

'Tell me when and where.'

'I was walking one day from Beesham to the station. It was too wet to go through the woods, so I went by Euston Hill. When I had reached the top of the hill, I heard the melancholy howling of a dog in pain; and to a dog lover, let me tell you, that is one of the most grievous sounds in creation, what you might call, in your Gregorian jargon, the *tonus miserabilissimus*. I saw at the bottom of the hill one of Farmer Joyce's olive waggons, standing still. The carter and his boy were stooping to the ground, looking at something very intently. So I saw at once that some poor creature had been run over by them. When I came up to them I found that the carter was old Sam Evans, the Ranter preacher. Sam always remembers his profession in the midst of his business. So, touching his hat to me, he said—

"It's a mercy it hav'n't a soul, sir, to go out of the world so sudden with all its sins on its head."

'At this speech, the boy gave me a sort of wink and shrug. On the strength of his coming to the Sunday school and being regularly at church, he supposed there was a fellowship of sentiment between myself and him, to which Sam, as a Methodist, was an alien.

'The dog was nearly at its last



gasp. I made no answer to Sam's sermon, or the lad's criticism of it, but stood by silently and watched the poor creature die. It was a little wiry-haired Scotch terrier. I shall never forget its last look. No soul, indeed? It was full of nothing but soul. It expressed the most deeply-felt remorse at thus dying and leaving its duty undone. It seemed to say, "If I could but live, only just long enough to fulfil the task I am sent to do!"

"Stop, stop!" I cried. "Give me time to breathe. What man but you ever read such a complaint in the face of a dog? And pray, how do you know that his eyes expressed *that*, and nothing else? What duty had this wise dog left undone?"

"If you had been patient, you would have heard. When the poor creature had given its last move, and lay quite still, I lifted it up—tenderly, as we ought to touch everything that is dead. Turning over its head, I saw a folded piece of paper tucked into its collar, just under the neck. I opened it. There were these seven words in a girl's handwriting—"My own dear—I will, I will." These few words, telling so little, yet so much; the hiding of them under the dog's collar; the unreckoned death of the faithful messenger; the extraordinary look which I saw in the dog's eyes;—all affected me strangely, and I said to old Sam—

"Perhaps, Sam, he had as much soul as you have."

"Which heresy Sam no doubt disproved in his next sermon. If so, the schismatic for once was a truer teacher than the orthodox. How long ago was this?"

"About nine months. But I must run. See, there is the steam shooting upward behind Barker's Wood: the train is only a mile from the station. Good-bye."

I walked on alone until I came to the Croft Farm. There, in the doorway, knelt Mrs. Dawes, a woman who is always neat, and nearly always cross, scrubbing vigorously: she was most likely re-cleaning what her servant had already cleaned.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Dawes," said I. "Did I see you at church last Sunday?"

"No, sir, I believe not," she answered, rising; and wiping her hands in her apron, she gave me three half-dried fingers. "There's so much vexation and trouble, sir, one can't go out as one'd wish. There was one of Sir Walter's foxes come on Saturday night and took off my gander."

"Indeed; I am sorry to hear it." I could not exactly see, however, why this should have kept the farmer's wife from church, both morning and afternoon. But she gave me no time to say so. "Then there's our James, sir," she went on; "he as once used to be so much help to us, and was always more cheerful than me or the master, he's so down about something or other he never opens his mouth. "Yes an' no," "please an' thank ye," is 'most all the words my son has spoke in this house these nine months."

"Nine months?" said I to myself, almost unconsciously; "surely James Dawes has nothing to do with the letter on the dog."

Mrs. Dawes seemed to catch the last word, "dog." "Yes, he did lose a dog about that time, sir; but he frets about more than that."

"Well, there is no one like a mother, I am sure, Mrs. Dawes, for getting a secret out of her son. You must find out what makes him so miserable. I came to ask him to help me again in the night school in the coming winter. He used to be so interested in the boys there."

"Ah, he had cause to be interested last winter; I doubt if he'll be this."

This was a mystery to me. However, I thought I had better ask James himself to solve it. So I merely said, "Can I see James? Where is he?"

"I expect he's with the master down by the wood-side. There's a timber sale on Friday, and they're seeing to the trees." And Mrs. Dawes dropped again upon her knees, impatient of losing a minute too much from her work.

"Good day, Mrs. Dawes," said I. "See if you can't find out what troubles your son, and help him."

"Bless you, sir," she answered; "we know as well as he do. He'd take it from you, perhaps, sir, if

you'd be so good as to tell him the folly of it. I'm sure I've scolded and angered with him till I thought I should drop; and so has his father.'

I shrugged my shoulders at this method of helping one in distress, and turning away, walked back through the wood. I had not gone very far before I met James and his father coming slowly along. Dawes himself, a tall bony man, walked first—his head erect, his hands in his pocket—whistling. James was lagging behind, his eyes bent to the ground.

'Ay, Jim, here's the parson,' said Dawes, stopping short, and turning round to his son. 'This country hav'n't made you fat yet, sir. I told you it wouldn't. There's only one fat man hereabouts, and he was fat before he come.'

The farmer meant this for dry pleasantry; so I smiled at it, perhaps somewhat forcedly; and then I said, 'You have not paid in your subscription to the schools yet, Mr. Dawes.'

'No, sir, I really can't afford it any more. Jim's help must be my subscription for time to come.' Every one in the neighbourhood, except Dawes himself, confesses him to be the richest farmer for miles round. And he is adding in no sparing measure to his profits every year. Fearful, I suppose, that I might recur to the money subject, he at once resumed his whistle, and trudged on.

'I'm afraid, sir, I can't pay my part, the mere help, this winter,' said James. 'I expect you have been to the house to look me up about it.'

'Yes,' I answered. 'You may as well walk a little way with me, and talk it over.'

James Dawes turned without a word, and strode silently by my side. At last I said, 'I did come to talk about the night school, James; but I have something else to say now. Your mother tells me you are very wretched about something you have been doing. May I ask you what it is? Can I give you any advice or help?'

'It's past your help, sir.' And James stopped short, and seizing up

a large clod of dry clay, threw it with all his force against an elm trunk. It fell into a hundred pieces. 'It's as finished, sir, and as broken up to nothing as that lump of clay.'

I have always valued myself a little too much upon my intuition. I suppose all of us like to think that we can see into the inner connection of things outwardly unconnected. So now, putting together that nine months' time and death of a dog of which friend Westman had told me, with that nine months' space and loss of a dog of which Mr. Dawes had told me, I very naturally concluded that the dead dog was James Dawes's, and was in some way connected with James's present misery. Boldly taking the connection for granted, I rushed without preface in *medias res*.

'James,' said I, 'a little wiry-haired terrier of yours was killed about nine months ago.'

James started, and looked at me, his fine face as white as wood ashes. But I was prepared for that; and so, drawing fresh conviction from his sudden pallor and his strange glance of inquiry, I held my peace, and waited for him to speak.

'Not exactly that, sir,' he said, after some pause. 'I had a dog about nine months ago, and I hav'n't the dog now. It was a little wiry-haired terrier. He was not killed, sir; but he is far from here by this time. He'll never run along this wood path again.'

'That dog is dead,' I answered. 'Mr. Westman saw it die. It was run over at the bottom of Easton Hill by Farmer Joyce's waggoner, old Sam the Ranter.'

I shall not readily forget the sudden change of James's face when he heard this. The stolid and dull look, as of misery grudgingly but necessarily acquiesced in, which had possessed his countenance before, quite passed away; and in its stead there came a look of most pitiable bewilderment, and of quick and lively pain.

'Then,' cried he, striking his closed fists together, 'she has never had it. Here it has been my only comfort all these months to think

something I loved was with her, following her and going before her in her walks, taking care of her for me; sitting by her in her room, and licking her hand; turning her heart to think of me in her lonely moments; and sometimes, perhaps, speaking for me too.'

'James,' I said, 'I do not know who *she* is; but I do know that the dog had a message from her to you, when it was run over.'

'Ah, sir,' he answered, with a forced smile, 'what message could the poor dumb thing bring me which I did not know already?'

I could not any longer play—for so I seemed to be doing—with the poor fellow's wretchedness and love, so I told him of the paper, and the message of love written upon it. 'It was certainly an invitation,' said I, 'an invitation, I am sure, which, by your present unhappiness, if you had only received, you would have obeyed. It is therefore, you see, a most hopeful case. Whoever *she* is, she loves you, it is plain. Your failing to answer her call must have cost her as much misery as it has you. Cheer up, James! Your duty and your inclination go together, you see.'

James, if anything, however, looked duller than before. 'Why, sir, by this time,' said he, 'she is in some island in the Pacific.'

'Island in the Pacific! What! Is it Ellen Knight?'

James silently nodded affirmation.

## CHAPTER II.

Ellen Knight had been the teacher in my girls' school—the best teacher I had ever known. She always seemed to delight in this place, and in her charge here, whom she loved more like a young mother, or an elder sister, than a schoolmistress. All her views and talk of her future life were connected with this parish. I should as soon have believed that Farmer Dawes would leave his profitable and paying farm as that Ellen would leave her girls and infants. I was, therefore, all the more surprised when she one day asked me for a letter to the new

missionary bishop of the Raleigh Islands, who had advertised for such a person as herself to sail out with him and his priests. I argued against her new choice in several long talks. But it was all fruitless; her firm mind was set upon it. She would never tell me *why* she chose it. To this hour of my walk with James, it had been a mystery to me, and had often risen to my mind amongst other difficult problems in meditative hours. I had never in the least suspected that James Dawes had anything to do with it.

'And you love her, James?' I need not have asked; nor did James give me any answer. 'That she also loves you,' I went on, 'I see there is no doubt.'

'She did *then*, sir,' answered he.

'She is not the girl to change, James, or she would never have made such a sacrifice. Why ever did she go? What wilful, witless babes both of you were not to have told me. I never saw a sign of love between you.'

'I thought everybody saw it, sir. I felt most convinced that you did.'

'I am very blind, I fear, in such matters,' I answered. 'I begin to see, I think, part of the reason why you separated. Your mother—'

'Father and mother, too, sir, did all they could to break it off. But, if you'll pardon me, I'll tell you how it was. When you first asked me to help in the night-school, I managed well enough with the reading and writing, but I was so backward in summing that I found some of the lads themselves understood a deal more about it. You see, sir, father likes to manage all the money matters by himself, so that I lost all practice in that way. I really couldn't correct the sums. I knew it was little good to go on teaching while it was so; for as soon as ever they had found out that they knew more than myself in one thing, they wouldn't have learnt much from me in other things. So I determined to get a few lessons in arithmetic. I daren't go to the schoolmaster, for he has never much liked me since you asked him to sit with the school at service-time, and put me in his old

place in the choir. And so one evening I asked Ellen if she would mind helping me; and, begging her to keep it secret, I offered to pay her for the trouble. She promised to let no one know of it; but she wouldn't take any pay.

'I used to go to the school-house two evenings every week. My little dog was always my companion; and Ellen used to have one or two of the school girls with her when I got there. I admired her somehow for that at once, there was something so self-respectful and womanlike in it.

'But I could not stop long at admiring Ellen, sir. I soon began almost to forget what I went for—the arithmetic—though, indeed, we never spent a minute in anything else, and I always left as soon as ever my exercises were looked over, and fresh lessons set me. After I had been very few times, I found myself looking forward to it all the other days of the week as the time of seeing Ellen. At the plough, in the farm-yard or the barn, at market and sales—wherever I was, there was always the thought of Ellen, like sunshine, with me, making me happy and cheerful to every one; till I began to be miserable lest any one else should also find out what she was, and love her, and be loved by her, and take her from me. I never thought of her loving me; for she seemed to know so much more than I do, and to speak so well, and more like a lady to my view, sir, than fit for us farmers of these parts to think of as a wife. It was the greatest joy to me to set a chair for her, or to open the door and let her pass out first, or to put by her books, or to pay her any such little duties. I used so much to long that she would some day touch my hand with hers when we were at work; and one evening, when she did it by chance, and quite unexpectedly, I almost thought I should faint. My fingers were over the slate, and she just pushed them away gently to look at the figures. After that, many a time, sir, I put them so on the purpose that she might touch them, till I was afraid she would know it. But those dear touches, when they came,

only made me long for something more. All day long I used to be seeing that hand of hers, in my fancy, before me—for I never dared look at her face hardly for fear she should find me out.

'She had found you out, my good James,' said I, 'long before you thought, I am sure.'

'Yes, sir. She told me so afterwards. Many a night as I lay in bed I've thought I saw that hand before me over the slate, and I've longed to kiss it; and I've said to myself, "Some day I'm sure I shall kiss it, before I know what I'm doing." And just so it fell out, sir. I was sitting down one evening, and she was standing behind me, leaning over me, with one hand resting upon the slate-frame. She was explaining some mistake to me; but I was not thinking at all of what she was saying, but only of that dear hand I saw before me, and whose hand it was, and what a great joy it would be to me to give it only just one kiss. Then suddenly, sir, hardly knowing what I did, I stooped down, and gave it one kiss. In an instant I was trembling all over; for I thought, "Now I have ruined myself, and I must rush away at once." Oh what a surprise it was, sir, when Ellen burst out crying, and, drawing her hands to her face, fell on my shoulder. I went on speaking as fast as words would come. I don't know at all what I said. It was all like a wonderful dream to me; I hardly believed it was really happening. All the while her face lay on my shoulder, and she was sobbing, till I raised her head and looked into her eyes. I was roused up by my little terrier licking my hand; and then I saw, too, the little girl who had come into the room with Ellen standing with her back to the fire, and her doll hanging head downwards, and she herself staring at us with wide open eyes full of wonder.

'Ellen sprang up, and ran to the fireplace and kissed the child. I followed her, and we stood there side by side, and talked a long while. That evening we engaged—and yet no, sir—it came so unexpected, and without our preparation, that we felt rather as if *Some One* engaged us

to each other. Of fathers, mothers, or schools we never thought. When I left, we appointed to meet each other the next day after morning school.

'When I got home that night I ~~was~~ surprised. Father and mother told me everything about it; at least they told me all that they knew—that I used to go at nights to see the schoolmistress; and they added to it their own guess—that she, as they said, had been a long time setting her cap at me. I was angry to have such a thing said of that modest creature; I could hardly bear it; and I was going up to bed to get out of the way of using bitter words about it, when father shouted after me, "It's no use, you know, for you to think of marrying her: neither of you has a penny. I'm as poor as a church mouse, and so is she. You know who you might have, if you'd only try, and better this farm when I'm gone." I only wished them good night, and said that I hadn't thought as yet about marrying.

'When I went to the school-house the next day at twelve o'clock, I found Ellen crying. Mother had not lost a moment; she had been there before school began, and rated Ellen fearfully, and told her she should not have her son. Mother made quite a different story to father's, as she always does about our money. She said that father had been doing more than well many a long year, and that there was a deal stored up for me, and that I was like to be a rich man some day if I had my senses, and that it wasn't fit I should marry any one with nothing—(she meant with no money)—to bring me.

'Ellen was as surprised at any talk of marrying as I had been. We had only thought of our love. If I did marry her, mother said, father had made up his mind to turn me adrift.

'I said I would gladly bear that for her sake. But she took it quite differently. She said she daren't break our family in pieces; and told me about her own brother, who married against his father's and mother's will, and had got into bad ways, and was at last transported;

and that her father died of shame and grief, and her mother had never known a happy hour since. She would not be persuaded by any of my reasons: she would speak of nothing but my obedience to father and mother; and all I could get her to do was to let me come that day week and see if she would change, after thinking it over in all its length and breadth.

'At last, when that day came, I called upon her for the first time, without any hope. The first thing she told me was, that she had engaged herself to go out with the Missionary Bishop of Raleigh's Island. She refused to see me any more. She said that she could not bear another meeting, that God had given her her duty now, and would punish her if she shrank from it. She told me that she would never cease to love me; and I made her promise—for I was almost mad, sir—that if she repented what she was now doing, soon or late,—in a day, or in ten, or twenty, or thirty years even,—that she was to write to me, and tell me to come; and that, if I was alive, I should be waiting for her.

'I wanted to give her something for a remembrance; but she wouldn't take anything I could think of. At last, after I had gone on begging her a long time to choose something or other, she said—

"I should like that dog of yours better than anything, James, if I may have it. It will make me think so of you, and it will take care of me for you." She would pretend to the last, sir, that it would come all right between us some day.'

Here James was forced to stop, for the noble fellow had half sobbed and half spoken the last words. I waited for some time in respectful silence, and then said—

'By God's special appointing, I have little doubt, she chose the dog. The dog will yet unite you again.'

'But it is dead, sir.'

'Yes, but its message is alive. She is still saying to you the words on the dog's paper,—"*My own dear.*" She is still answering to all your questions and doubts,—"*I will, I will.*" You see that if the dog had

lived—but I would you to say this—she would be your wife.’

‘Ah, sir, she meant that when she wrote it perhaps, just at the moment of going away, when the misery was all fresh. But I’m afraid, sir, she now thinks it was excitement, and has settled down quietly to her duty before her where she is.’

We had reached the parsonage gate by this time, and James had said the last words while my hands were on the latch. I had immediate business of another sort, so I could not ask him to come in. I appointed a time for him, however, in the evening, and promised to think over the course to be adopted; probably, I said, a letter from myself to the Bishop, and another to Ellen.

James Dawes then left me. Catching wildly at the hope I had put before him, a little of his old cheer came back into his face. I, for my part, began to be ashamed somewhat of my vaunted intuition, in not having caught at the nine months since Ellen’s departure, nor put that with the nine months of my friend’s. I was somewhat less hopeful about the effect of a letter to the Bishop than I had feigned to be. I was at college with Bishop Burke. He was there known as a thorough Roman; (not for his doctrinal or ritual bent, but) for his fearful love of law, order, strictness; his resolute preaching of obedience, of the immutability of covenants, and the like. I began to apprehend that the main light in which he would regard the whole matter would be this,—that Ellen had sacredly devoted herself to a certain work for a certain term of years, and that no repentance could dissolve the obligation.

### CHAPTER III.

You may guess my surprise, good reader, when on asking for my letters, the maid brought me only one, and that sealed with his lordship’s well-known seal. I soon had it open, and read as follows:—

‘Tongta-busta, Raleigh’s Islands,  
August 28, 1860.

‘REV. SIR,

‘We arrived here a week ago. The carpenter, the three clergy and myself have

spent the whole of our time, as yet, in putting up our little wooden cathedral-hut.

‘I have been exceedingly disappointed with the young woman who was lately the mistress of your girls’ school, and whom I accepted chiefly on your testimonial. To do her justice, she is in character and fitness everything we could desire for our urgent and difficult work; she has mastered two of our languages on the long voyage out. But it seems that she had a lover in your village, a most estimable young man, whom she foolishly, and on quite insufficient grounds, rejected. To him, it seems, she is under engagement, on the first motion of repentance, to signify the same to him. This she is now doing by a letter which will arrive in England, I trust, with this. But she is in great distress, because, she had already done so—in a strange manner—in a previous letter, to which she has had no answer. The young man presented her at parting with a favourite dog of his. She placed a letter within the collar of this dog, and sent him from London by train, with orders that he should be put out at Glithorpe station. We none of us knew anything of this romance until we had crossed the line. The dog, I suppose, was stolen; for the young man never appeared on the ship.

‘My own impression is that the girl ought to remain for a year or two, at the very least. They might settle everything happily in letters. Mrs. Burke, however, insists, with pardonable womanly weakness, that she shall be returned the moment we have an assurance that the young man desires it. To this I agree most gladly; merely adding the condition, that the day of her return must be put off until the day of the arrival of a really fit substitute. I have written by this post to my commissary, asking him to advertise for such a person. If you can help him in any way I shall be most thankful.

‘Believe me to be, Rev. Sir,

‘Yours faithfully in Christ,

‘JAMES EDWARD RALEIGH’S ISLAND.’

I answered the bishop’s letter at once, telling him the whole story which Mr. Westman and James had that day unfolded before me. My joy made me generous, and I undertook of my free will to preach a sermon annually for the special benefit of his lordship’s mission. I then began a pastoral letter to Ellen herself. I had not, however, written many lines before I was interrupted by the arrival of James.

He came into the study with a most happy face, holding an open letter in his hand.



'Ah! it is from Ellen,' I said; 'I understand she has written to you.'

James handed me the letter. I read a little of it—modest and tender words—and then handed it back to James, asking him to give me its substance. 'She meant it for your eyes only, James,' said I, 'so I will not read it.' If I must speak the truth, I did not care about toiling through twelve closely-written pages of lovers' talk.

The substance of it was, that she thought she had been very silly and cruel; that she now saw her duty in a different light; that she felt that James could not change, and must still love her, unworthy as she was; that she hoped James would write to her. She had not, of course, been bold enough to give the slightest hint of coming home.

I am sure, reader, you will not endure the detail of those months which passed between this restoration of hope to the good James, and its fulfilment in the arrival of Ellen Knight. I can tell you that I sometimes got very tired of it, and had to exclaim, 'What endless work these lovers give one!' Every day James came to me with a fresh fear or a fresh hope. What terrible work, too, I had with Farmer Dawes and his wife. How steadily they refused

ever to give their sanction to James's marriage with a schoolmistress (Mrs. Dawes, I understand, cannot write her own name). What an extraordinary effect upon them at last had my stratagetic declaration that I meant to consult Sir Walter, their landlord, about the best course for James to take. The very next day they said that 'as the match couldn't be well helped' they would give their sanction to it.

Of course I married Mr. and Mrs. James Dawes. Brother Westman asserted his right to assist me; and he came over from Beesham with three of his dogs, one of which James was to choose for a wedding present. They were tied to the lych-gate, and were howling piteously all the while the service was going on in the church.

At the wedding breakfast, Mr. Westman could think of nothing but the sagacity and virtue of the wiry-haired terrier. He actually asked every mother present, 'Whether she would not cry more at the death of such a dog as that than at the death of a baby?' And when he wished good-bye to the bride and bridegroom, his last words were:—

'Don't forget the dog. You owe a handsome tomb to the dog, James Dawes.'





ees's  
Mrs.  
write  
nor-  
had  
at I  
their  
for  
day  
dn't  
give

Mrs.  
man  
and  
with  
hich  
ling  
the  
pite-  
was

Mr.  
but  
viry-  
sked  
she  
th of  
eath  
shed  
ride-

owe  
ames



THE SILENT LOVER.

P. 1

*Drawn by James Godwin.*

Pictures drawn by the Poets.

THE SILENT LOVE.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES CALVERT.

I WOULD tell her I love her,  
Did I know but the way;  
Could my lips but discover  
What a lover should say.  
Though I swear to adore her  
Every morning & day,  
Yet when once I'm before her  
All my eloquence flies.

Oh, ye gods! did you ever  
Such a simpton know?  
I'm in love, and ye never  
Have the heart to say so.

Having plucked up a spirit  
One moonshining night,  
Then, thought I, I'll defer it  
Till to-morrow's daylight.  
But alas! the pale moon-beam  
Could not frighten me now,  
For I found by the moon-beam  
I was dumb as before.

Oh, ye gods! did you ever  
Such a simpton know?  
I'm in love, and ye never  
Have the heart to say so.

THE END.



THE SILENT LOVER.

*Drawn by James Hinton.*

Pictures drawn by the Poets.

---

THE SILENT LOVER.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GODWIN.

I WOULD tell her I love her,  
 Did I know but the way;  
 Could my lips but discover  
 What a lover should say.  
 Though I swear to adore her  
 Every morning I rise,  
 Yet when once I'm before her  
 All my eloquence flies.

Oh, ye gods! did you ever  
 Such a simpleton know?  
 I'm in love, and yet never  
 Have the heart to say so.

Having plucked up a spirit  
 One moonshining night,  
 Then, thought I, I'll defer it  
 Till to-morrow's daylight.  
 But alas! the pale moon-beam  
 Could not frighten me more,  
 For I found by the noon-beam  
 I was dumb as before.

Oh, ye gods! did you ever  
 Such a simpleton know?  
 I'm in love, and yet never  
 Have the heart to say so.

THOMAS MOORE.

## ON THE ROAD TO ROME.

## CHAPTER I.

## CLEOPATRA'S GALLEY.

THE gallant steam argosy which sails under the flag of the famous association, whose style and titles ring out so sonorously as the noble company of Messageries Impériales, or imperial despatchers, with 'services maritimes,' and 'services direct et indirect,' and 'correspondances,' and 'postes,' and 'administrations,' and whose business temple on the Quai Joliette is a bewildering maze of ticketed glass-cases, where legions of functionaries ply the pen and sprinkle sand for the bare life; this steam argosy lies in port off Marseilles under a furnace sun, moaning sadly, fretting, fuming, and chafing fiercely at her hawser, impatient to spring away into the blue ocean prairies yonder. There is a cheerful cosmopolitan polyglot company tripping aboard, on this bright, gaudy, staring day, crowding in at the gangways, rustling it in silks and gossamer muslins, and light airy garments. Here are dainty Gallic dames, quite fresh and cool, in spite of the sun overhead steadily grilling all things, without so much as a hair out of its place, seem to trip on to the burnished decks, as it were, out of their own tall funereal cases, now being swung over the side; and happy voyaging dandies, who have brought with them the dear familiar asphalt of the Boulevards, and laid it down tastefully on the deck of that noble fast-sailing line-of-packet ship Capitole, so called in compliment to the eminence of that name, once saved by the wakeful fowl we love at Michaelmas. There are French fighting men, too, in braided Moresco cloaks, and Arab hoods, draped with wonderful art, who promenaded it industriously, and consume cigarettes. One portly warrior, M. le Capitaine, has girthed himself to a fearful tightness, and seems to be suffering cruelly. But there is a bouquet of young Italian donne clustered yonder in a corner, under an awning of fluttering parasols, chattering, whispering, and laughing

stily, perhaps at the puffed warrior himself. So, with such fascinating company looking on from the boxes, it becomes a plain duty for any fighting son of France to set himself a little 'in evidence,' and play his best in the little comedy; until at least the curtain descends abruptly about the middle of the second act, and an apology has to be made for the performer. No actor, surely, the tall rueful figure so bent and shrunken, with the hollow cheeks and grizzled beard, to whom cling helplessly the three little girls in black frocks—pretty things with white Chinese faces, perhaps a little proud of their dark finery. He finds a dismal solace in his cigar, which he smokes sadly, and sees many domestic pictures, doubtless, in those curling fumes, which float away from him so slowly. He is the only chill upon the lively scene; a miserrimus, or undertaker's man, who is inappropriate to the occasion; otherwise it is no more than a gay glittering party in a Cleopatra's barge, with Youth at the prow and Pleasure (most acceptable of all pilots) at the helm.

Within an hour (under the direction of a real rough saline pilot), Quai Joliette is many miles behind, grilling slowly; many miles behind, too, the red forts, now being steadily toasted into a hard crackling brown. Not by any means miles behind is the girthed captain, now about on the verge of apoplexy, yet who has walked his boulevards with such success as to be in actual relation (on a camp stool) with the young Italian donne. Those young peninsulars are positively shrieking at M. le Capitaine's wit; but, as was before barely hinted, the second act of his little comedy is yet to come. All is going merrily as a marriage-bell, however doubtful may be at times the cheerfulness of that musical instrument. Sea travelling has surely been monstrously blackened; shaped into a sort of hideous bogey. It may be reasonably doubted whether that

ugly disturbance, that abnormal muscular convulsion, which some of us have heard of, have read of in books, be more than a nursery woman's legends; at all events, it is confined to trading packets, and to such loose, uncivilized waters as Biscay and the Atlantic. And so the fashionable company (Youth still at the prow and Pleasure at the helm) goes down to dinner. Portly captain, now frightfully sanguineous, is placed by some mysterious dispensation among the Italian *donne*. Youth still at the prow and Pleasure at the helm, with, however, a slight tendency to desert their posts as the soup is set on; a tendency more marked as a sinuous and highly agreeable motion is observed in the fast-sailing line-of-packet ship. The noble French fighting admirals, who are fitted into medallions all round the saloon, in numbers perfectly marvellous to British understandings, incline their heads with a gracious homage. No one notices these eccentricities; for it is incredible, impossible, that a sea of refined tastes and sympathies properly brought up, and elegantly—A lurch! positively a rude, coarse lurch, rough and ungentelemanly! Our lively *donne* have turned olive tint; and as indelicate *garçon* tenders a choice fish ragoût, richly brown, fly in disorder to the door. It is now *saute qui peut*. The banquet is left untasted. It is all over with the bursting warrior, who lies moaning on a coil of ropes; Youth at the prow, indeed, and Pleasure at the helm—those two mariners are sick to the death; so let us drop the curtain tenderly.

Henceforth, Capitole having now become a disorderly craft, goes on her way dancing riotous corrautos and unseemly gigas. The fighting French admirals below are nodding fiercely all day at the wretched beings coiled up in agony on sofa cushions. The sad and hollow sham of laying out splendid banquets, which do so coldly furnish forth the table, is persisted in steadily, apparently for the sole gratification of the fighting admirals before mentioned.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE 'OLD TOWN.'

An interval of, say forty hours, is to have elapsed: an interval filled in by horrid suffering and tossing tortures.

Turning wearily over, then, as he wakes from a sort of doze, compounded of a fever and a nightmare, the voyager of a sudden becomes conscious of a certain steadiness and calm, inexpressibly grateful and delicious. Strange to say, the noble fast-sailing line-of-packet ship is no longer performing its wild fandango, flinging itself aloft, as at that awful moment when the conviction first came home to the voyager that he must go down—not by way of shipwreck—but to the narrow shelf, or Little Ease, provided by the Administration for its sufferers. The crash of fractured crockery is heard no longer afar off in the engine-room. The heavy fulling-hammers are at rest, and quite spent; and, framed in the little ring which lets in dungeon light to the Little Ease, is seen a long mole, tile-coloured, with a lighthouse, puncheon-shaped, and some scattered buildings, dust-coloured, gliding by in a cobalt sea, that glistens and radiates lustreously under the dazzling morning's sun.

The chevaleresque captain, whose moustaches and beard are peaked after the Vandyke fashion, and whose gloves are of a pale lavender tint, has his opera-glass in his hand, languidly watching his ship's progress, as from his stall at the Opera, mellifluously bidding the engines move 'a demi-vapeur,' and the helmsman 'port.' 'Laissez faire' has been his maxim all through. He would have been the slave of the captivating *donne* but for that malapropos malady of the sea; and so has nothing for it but to mince it, without spectators, in those fairy little boots of his, up and down, and fondly dream of a day when he shall pace the 'decque' of his own war 'sternar,' and receive, with graceful bendings, the swords of the conquered foemen: perhaps encounter fierce corsairs of the Mediterranean, and have the pleasing duty cast upon him of setting beautiful ladies free.



Here they emerge now, the *donne* fresh as the morning: emerges, too, the portly captain—once more a portly captain.

Still gliding in. Smoothly now work the hypocritical fulling-hammers in the engine-room, gently lifting themselves with a dulcet motion. Now a full stop, and the Capitole swings round. Voyagers eagerly take baskets, bags, and packages into their hands, so as to lose not an instant in going ashore. Not yet, not yet, for many an hour—inno- cent voyagers! unconscious of the protracted forms of 'debarquing.'

The blue cobalt still glistens round us, like the back of a gorgeous snake. Sandy dun-coloured houses fence us round, built out upon the mole, out of which step little blue-frocked, red-limbed *leptidæ*, and bask in the sun, looking at us. The *leptidæ* are children of France in a foreign land, and the dun buildings are their barracks. There is a heavy, sad-coloured fort to the right, from whose battlements look down more of the red-limbed little men; and behind, on the mainland, lie huddled a disorderly gathering of tenements, washed in originally with pale pinks and drabs, and sickly yolk of egg, and long since smeared and washed out again by copious showers and defective eaves. A dungeon-gate at the edge of the water gives hospitable welcome to the stranger. Sprinkle the steps and narrow quays with the lounging red-limbed, and we are gazing on a complete prospect of the port of 'Old Town,' *Civita Vecchia*! Not, surely, from such dingy mansions, such dull, unreflecting toning, did Callow and his ingenious brethren of the camel's-hair brush fetch their bright clear blues and golden sheen. This melancholy lacklustre tinting, this rueful acreage of dead wall, all peeled and chipped, are a miserable discomforture for enthusiastic eyes, counting surely on being dazzled by the traditional garish effects. But the little piratical craft (in reality no more than harmless fishing corsairs), with the rakish masts, and the long graceful spar, bent crosswise, like a huge bow, and whose delicate rigging seems spider's work, does, in-

deed, make a certain *amende* to picturesque justice outraged. And here, fluttering from the bow-shaped spar, is a first symbol of authority ecclesiastical—the bunting Pontifical—displaying two keys crossed below a tiara. All true Britons and staunch upholders of the ever-glorious and immortal constitution, as ratified in 'eighty-eight, most reasonably from the deck resent this affront. Just as there is no real aristocracy but the one, so is there no flag proper in the world but that triumphant motley of red, white, and blue, which braves the battle and the breeze.

But this cloud of light canoes, jostling and crushing each other, that has surrounded our ship, each freighted with an untattooed Otaheitan, who, now standing up, now sitting down, now flourishing his paddle, wheedles, adjures, and menaces the frightened herd upon the deck into selecting his particular vessel; this invasion must surely be with hostile intent, such as made heavy the heart of that intrepid navigator the late Captain Cook. Wildest Autochthones! genuine cannibal ferrymen, eyeing their prey greedily, and licking their lips in anticipation of a flow of pauls! Now, now, the word has passed, and the Otaheitan are rushing in, boarding desperately by ropes, cordage, by any fashion—in preference to the recognized mode of ingress. They have plunged among the mountain luggage. They have flung themselves sprawling over the great funeral chests, by way of asserting a legal seisin. They are dancing the war-dance of their tribe around the frightened white men, who stand scared and helpless.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ORDEAL BY 'PAULS.'

With that 'debarquement,' as it is handsomely styled in the printed forms, rises a feeling of utter abandonment, as of having now done with the civilized world outside; and so each voyager, sitting alone with his Otaheitan, is paddled away, sadly casting wistful glances at the great outline of the Capitole, but yester-

day undisguisedly execrated, now regarded with even a fond lingering. Happily for him, he is thus prevented from seeing the fresh band of Otaheitans waiting for him on the beach. Sinks thy heart, O voyager! as thy head turns and has a glimpse of the wild miscellany drawn up, thirsting for travellers' blood, which is silver! Now the canoe has touched the steps, and he is under the mysterious empire of the Crossed Keys. The Otaheitans dance and howl round him wildly, after the manner of their nation. Such a decayed, lounging tribe, so mildewed and run to seed, so overlaid with that blight which hangs over tenants of debtors' prisons, and knights of the noble Order of Industry—only these are of the shabbiest out-at-elbow material—that any one who has turned with sour unbelief from that early and amusing legend of Romulus, gathering the scum and tag-rag of adjoining countries, and so kneading up his new nation out of ticket-of-leave elements, has only to cast his eye upon this Pentonville band, and must own that the old felon dye is not yet washed out. Not in good rough working clothes, or vesture that is honestly racy of their soil; but in old French caps, and fitted tightly into cast-off clothing, once of a fashionable cut; a sharp, piercing-eyed throng. Grown-up convicts, gray-haired convicts, whose looks belie them horribly, if they have not in early life been concerned in robbing of churches on an extensive scale—with small, but sadly precocious juvenile offenders, discharged prematurely from the reformatories—they all attend complimentarily on the hapless stranger, and howl round him for pauls. Let him look to it, if he be not well provided with those useful coins. Pauls surely for insinuating convict to the left, in the worn-out evening coat, who, it seems, lent his arm in a friendly manner on stepping from the canoe. There was a convict index-finger which pointed out a church, an hotel, and some other objects of public interest, which were of themselves palpable enough; and yet with much ferocity the index-finger prefers a claim for pauls. A

gentleman in a hairy cap, walking in the procession, was good enough to break up small fragments of English, which surely gives him a strong claim to be remembered. And out of your bounty, O stranger! you will surely consider these lesser Facchini, the pantomime elfs, who have extemporized graceful drawing-room acts all the way, and varied the progress by elegant acrobatic performance. Pauls for the bystanders, for mere wayfarers even—in no way associates of the guild—parties driving carts and beasts of burden, who have left their charge and joined the procession; which, indeed, might be passed by without protest. But for that other, apparently clothed in official powers (exceptional certainly in his other material clothing), who at the water's edge takes your pass or permit of landing, and does this duty with such gentleness, such binding up, as it were, of the wounds of the poor baited stranger, that he seems a sort of official angel or good Samaritan on duty—for him to prove a mere impostor, who, accredited by the papers so fraudulently obtained, has been opposite to the Politzei Pontificie, and artfully secured the passport, which he now presents smirking, and with a large demand for pauls; this is a stab of the cruellest kind, a bitter shock to his trust so fondly reposed. So let voyager sit despondingly on his mails in a corner of the dogana, and wait his turn; for his second provocation is now setting in—the Ordeal by Custom-house.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE ORDEAL BY SEARCH.

Scene from Pinelli: Bandits rifling the contents of travellers' trunks. Voyagers—white-livered, bilious, still in the cabin of the fast-sailing line-of-packet-ship *Capitole*, and tottering on the verge of illness, with the walls of 'H. H. Customs' rising and falling in isochronous beats—sit round, cowed and a prey to a monster terrorism. Strapping bandits seize the huge funeral chests and swing them muscularly down before the bandit chief. Keys are

hoarsely demanded, and brigand heads, laid close together, are diving greedily into the funeral cases. Gorgeous female attire, light gauzy vesture, overflow the sides like foam, and flutter trembling in the rude rough fingers. The bandit chief (in spectacles) looks on disdainfully while his subordinates rifle their booty. There, it will do! when suddenly—what contraband is this?—books, printed matter? Yes, real, practicable, palpable books. This is serious. All the spectacled heads are laid together with solemnity, and form themselves into a temporary council of the Index. They turn over the heretical pages with a profound gravity (one inquisitor has a volume all to himself, upside down), with an air as of really understanding, and let it pass, finally, with a doubtful, distrustful manner, admirably put on. Illustrated works, I remark, afford much interest to the bandits, as well as picture journals; they scrutinize the cuts with an infinite relish. I almost long for a pestilent work, written by a Frenchman, one *About*, to spring out suddenly and dance among them like an exploding squib.

In an inner chamber, under a lurid light, other bandits may be seen, engaged mysteriously in what seems to be cording each mail—an operation performed with great care and neatness. But what purpose can that special bandit have in his mind, whose mission it is to come at the end of the operation with an enormous pair of shears, and snip something with a sharp clinch? See the neat little leaden seal attached, with the crossed keys again developed neatly, and it is explained. Your mails have been plombéd, leaded by the shears, to prevent undue tampering. Well, voyager will make this allowance grudgingly. After all, there is a certain delicacy and honest carefulness in this transaction which contrasts favourably with Dogane of other countries. There was really a nice consideration in that sealing up, a disinterestedness so to speak—Stay, signor, this way, if you please; speak to this gentleman who is at the desk,

writing as it were for a Derby Plate, and hiding himself in a dust-cloud of sprinkled sand. Here is your little bill, signor—so many packages, so many pauls. For that violating of the sacred privacy of locks, pauls; for the delving into your fine gossamer goods, pauls; for that careful cording, and, above all, for the neat impression in lead, very many pauls.

This was about the last straw breaking down the camel's back, that is the pecuniary vertebrae of persecuted voyager. So that when his effects are borne out to the door on men's shoulders, and pauls are demanded for that service—thence transported on a kind of spring-cart to the Strada Ferrata, or railway, and pauls demanded for that service—and again, are taken from the spring-cart, and laid under cover, and bearers have to be indemnified in many pauls—it comes on him with no surprise, but he pays out with a sort of cheerful idiocy and insane liberality. To his astonishment the air is filled with blessings, and an affectionate convict goes his way styling him 'Signorine,' or 'My dear little signor.'

But now, cruel Fates! do your worst; heap all conceivable woes upon this doomed head, for now do I not read upon this yellow Orario, or time-table, that the last train of the day has departed! This, positively the last straw, bows the miserable voyager to the very earth, and crunches his poor vertebrae to pure powder. But a gentle-hearted porter standing near sees his trouble, and, in sweet-toned French, asks monsieur 'what he has?'

'My friend,' traveller answers distractedly, 'it is gone, never, never to return. I mean, there is no other train to-day.'

'Excuse!' said he, 'monsieur is in error; there will be one at four o'clock.'

'Beware, beware, I say,' said the voyager, his overstrung nerves now giving way. 'I will not be put upon.'

'Pardon,' said the gentle porter 'monsieur is looking at last week's Orario. We usually change it for variety's sake once in the week.'

The voyager, now calmer, thinks how curious is this new feature in railway economy.

'That is nothing,' adds the gentle porter. 'Monsieur the director will not unfrequently alter the hours for the day early in the morning, sometimes twice in the week, according to the prospects of traffic.'

'How delightful!' exclaims the voyager, giving vent to his feelings in a burst of refined sarcasm, 'to regulate such matters, not by stupid cramping rules that never vary, but by the sweet impulses of pococuranteism! Is not this the land of the *Dolce far niente*, and shall there not be a steam *Dolce far niente*—sweetest dispensation, through which he who cometh in full time may haply find himself late, and he who halteth up hopelessly late, may discover himself to be agreeably disappointed!

## CHAPTER V.

### EXPRESS TO ROME.

From the windows of a carriage, splendidly emblazoned on the panel with crossed keys and tiara, we look out on a flat, sad-looking country, spread out like so many yards of poor green baize from which the colour was faded out, crumpled, creased here and there into low, melancholy hillocks, which bear us company on the left with a mournful persistence, and relieving each other with a staid and solemn monotony. No houses, no homesteads, no labours of the ox; no driving of teams afield, as might be reasonably expected, by agriculturists in the quaint but theatrical costume of the district; no bowing of woods beneath the sturdy stroke of such farm labourers. On the right, a tract of mangy herbage, half sand, half soil, now brown, now yellow, green here and there, like the back of some diseased dog, travels on with us, in a dismal companionship, dotted with a few black kine whose horns are of startling weight and dimensions, afford those prize animals a scanty and precarious nutriment. Now, the cobalt sea breaks in periodically, showing itself in

angular patches and tumbling noisily. Now a heavy square-built fort, like a middle-age fastness, thinly washed over in pink and yellow, stands at the very edge of the shore, as if hesitating whether it should walk out boldly and bathe. Not perched on an eminence, not waited on by a company of little parasitical tenements, but rising from the shell-strewn beach, in a naked, jarring solitude, an outlying *enfant perdu* or doomed sentinel of stone. He falls behind us presently—falls out of sight, with the lean kine whose horns are heavy and their green baize sustenance; we shambling on at a safe and respectable steam trot, as countless yards of that fabric are unrolled for us, as it were, on the counter. Now the easy old-fashioned rumble barely troubles at his scanty evening banquet the noble, old-established Roman ox, famous *Bospiger*, broad-shouldered and short-horned; in fact, the well-known brute who has been so well worked in hexameters and alcaics, and whom we had to construe painfully long ago sub *ferula*. I recognize the classical animal at once, as he barely lifts his head; his royal banquet being in no way disturbed by our peaceful progress. Happy beast! No screaming express sends him snorting and lashing his flanks in a fierce gallop to the other side of his paddock. We stop two or three times before little deal summer-houses, which it is reasonable to conclude are stations; and yet why such points are selected in unfair preference to others with quite as just claims to be considered, who have equally not a single cottage or homestead within view, does open a matter for ingenious speculation. In a sanitary point of view, and as affording opportunity to the passengers for air and healthful exercise, the arrangements of the company cannot be too highly commended. It being chanted out that ten minutes are allowed for refreshment, instantly *Open, sesame!* is called, and every passenger has sprung from his vehicle, and is bounding over the adjoining fields, inhaling the fresh country air, botanizing, or it may be culling simples, or per-

haps recruiting his *hortus siccus*. Presently time is called, and voyagers take their places again, much invigorated by these cheerful field sports.

A dark swarthy ecclesiastic sitting opposite, over whose forehead a broad beaver hat casts a darker shadow, has by this time finished with his breviary, and laying down that volume on the cushion beside him, looks as though he would not repulse any advances at conversation made through the legitimate channel of the weather and general temperature, on which benevolent M. C. and mutual introducing friend—which all the world over brings together forlorn strangers and makes them brothers—rest a wanderer's benison! To the swart ecclesiastic, then, the inquisitive voyager puts some plain questions, on the general philosophy of *strada ferrata* when under shadow of the Crossed Keys.

'Signor!' says the swart ecclesiastic—and voyager being hailed thus magnificently feels a new and agreeable dignity cast upon him—'it is no fault of the Santo Padre's.' (Voyager hastily waves off any intention of laying the railway breakdown at the door of the Santo Padre.) 'You will see in a particular quarter of our city a superb palace, labelled over the porch, "The Company of the Roman Railways," which includes the lines already constructed—the few that are in halting, staggering progress, and those which there is a moral certainty will never be constructed. Does the Signor follow me?'

'Capisco,' the signor answers; 'I understand, that is. Proceed, friend.'

'This company has got a patent, or monopoly, for many possible or contingent railways; nay, more: for one special line they have been actually in receipt of a guaranteed subsidy before a single spadeful of earth has been turned. It is therefore the interest of the company, or rather of its highly salaried officials who sit in the palace I have mentioned, to commence the said railway at their very latest convenience, and, when once commenced, be as tedious in its construction as they can, with

decency, or rather without regard to decency. They have been years over a few miles, and will be years more over the remainder.'

'But how——,' says the signor, warmly, 'could any one in his senses enter into such a contract? How could——'

The swart ecclesiastic shrugs his shoulders, and presses his lips together desperately. 'We are as children in all money-dealing matters; no wonder the signor is astonished. I thought he would remain in stucco!'

'Remain in—— Pardon, I don't exactly——'

'Remain in stucco—be astonished—merely a local idiom. See this line,' continued the swart ecclesiastic, looking out. 'How poor and miserable the land—therefore, how cheap! How smooth and level; no hills to be opened by what you call cuttings; no valleys to be filled—therefore, again, how cheap! This fifty miles or so of railway should, therefore, be prosperous and paying. But it is not. And how shall we account for that?' Swart ecclesiastic shrugs again. 'Money is wanting for the state, and must be had. These speculators know their time, and strike a hard bargain.'

'I see,' the signor adds; 'so much in pictures, so much in fine fruity old wines, and say one-third in cash down.'

The swart ecclesiastic, not understanding this allusion drawn from the Hebrew dealings of the Great Babylon conversation suddenly lapses.

## CHAPTER VI.

### URBS ROMA.

A sudden barrier of hills in front, speckled over with white edifices, seen through a dull blue haze, and all enthusiasts present plunge (reasonably enough) at the conclusion that here, indeed, must be the Eternal Seven. There is a deadlock of heads at the carriage windows, and eager necks get inextricably entangled. Enthusiastic voyagers feel strange flutterings, and finger their crimson korans nervously, yearning to begin with Murray. Foregone conclusion! for these are

mere vulgar eminences—plebeian mountains with no decent stock or lineage. The mysterious Seven are not half so palpable; but they are at hand. For here, without jerk or dislocation, or, indeed, any of that violence and agony which waits on the sudden halting of express conveyances, our train is coming gently to a stop; and with awful influences pouring down in a tide from behind those cold blue mountains, and with overpowering thoughts and reveries of Rome under kings, republicans, dictators, purpled emperors, and tiara'd popes; of Rome classical and pagan; Rome chevaleresque and Christian; of Rome lying yonder before all the world in a dusky and traditional cloud, wherein flit indistinct pictures of barbaric pomp and richest feasts, and martyrs struggling with fierce animals, and gladiators sinking down on the gory sand with glazing eye, and the roar of the multitude droning in their ears like the surging waves—with all these famous associations coming fast and thick upon us from the days when we winced *sub ferula*, we stop suddenly to take the tickets!

Take the tickets! It jars terribly on nicely attuned nerves. 'Twas for all the world,' as Rev. Mr. Sterno wrote of another matter, 'like a cut across my finger with a sharp pen-knife.' On a rude prosaic platform, too, with a prosaic, highly unclassical figure coming round collecting the 'bigliettas,' with many a 'Grazie, signor!' Still, the first-class dreamer, looking at the thing soberly, could scarcely hope to see an official *cristatus galea*, that is to say, in a fearfully nodding helm, and togatus—that is, in flowing costume of the period—in short, an Homeric railway guard. And yet, methinks, the administration might have provided nutritive diet for babes (of romance) on their travels, letting them down easily every gradation. Surely some unmeaning sham or hollow pantomime, such as calling it tessera, instead of ticket, might in mercy be kept up; for only consider at the very threshold of that dimly mysterious city!—but let it pass.

This is the threshold of the city called Eternal! A sad *désillusionnement*.



## ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

## A Proverb Paraphrased.

ONE good turn deserves another;  
 Kindness, kindness oft insures;  
 Ease the burthen of your brother;  
 He may some day lighten yours.  
 There are none so poor and lowly  
 But may render back your due;  
 Cherish then this precept holy,  
 Do as you'd be done unto.

## II.

O'er the rugged path of life  
 Each his burthen must uphold;  
 With as many evils rife  
 As Pandora's box of old;  
 In that toilsome, steep ascent,  
 Each should strive to help the other;  
 On this Christian truth intent:  
 One good turn deserves another.

## III.

If in youth a friendly hand  
 Oft was stretched to help you on,  
 And a voice, in accents bland,  
 Bade despairing thoughts begone;  
 If a bosom, leal and true,  
 Owned you for a friend and brother,  
 When both friends and freres were few;  
 One good turn deserves another.

## IV.

Fortune's wheel perchance has whirled  
 You on high, and him below;  
 And a cold, hard, changeful world  
 Now *your* friend may be *his* foe!  
 Shall its sordid dictates stay  
 Feeling's flow, and justice smother,  
 Whilst this precept holds its sway,  
 One good turn deserves another?

## V.

Should that cunning hand be cold,  
 And that cheering voice be still;  
 And that heart so warm of old  
 Be all pulseless now and chill;  
 Are no dear ones left behind,  
 Widow, orphan, sister, mother,  
 That old friends may help remind,  
 One good turn deserves another?

## VI.

But should man ungrateful prove,  
 Nor his neighbour's love repay,  
 There's a record kept above  
 Whence 'twill never pass away.  
 Forasmuch as you have given  
 Help to many a weaker brother,  
 You shall find, though late, in heaven,  
 One good turn deserves another!

ALARIO A. WATTS.







EDM<sup>d</sup> EVANS. Sc

Drawn by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A.

p. 257.

# PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

ARMING FOR THE PART.

L

I f a  
 nish  
 annual  
 amuse  
 sum to  
 larger  
 concep  
 timate  
 which  
 and in  
 ments  
 rooms  
 ments  
 street  
 Judy,  
 shall  
 gross  
 betwe  
 ling.  
 class  
 not v  
 paper  
 amus  
 biati  
 busin  
 comm  
 theat  
 natur  
 idea  
 mann  
 place  
 large  
 find i  
 a-day  
 cond  
 busin  
 bank  
 The  
 of th  
 as so  
 a me  
 of th  
 vo